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CONTEMPLATION,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

J. M'Creery, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street, London.

CONTEMPLATION,

A POEM;

WITH TALES,

AND

OTHER POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

BY JOHN PENWARNE.

Sweet *Solitude!* from Life's tumultuous scenes
To thee I steal away to tread the grove,
Or muse upon the bank beside the brook;
And oft by *Contemplation* led at eve,
When Nature sleeps, explore the haunted tow'r
And now pursue
My lonely way along the craggy steep
That frowns upon the wildering world of waves,
And feasting on the luxury of thought,
Best pleas'd at this still hour, I meditate
On him *the great ineffable sublime,*
And mark his grandeur midst the mighty shade.

PETER PINDAR.

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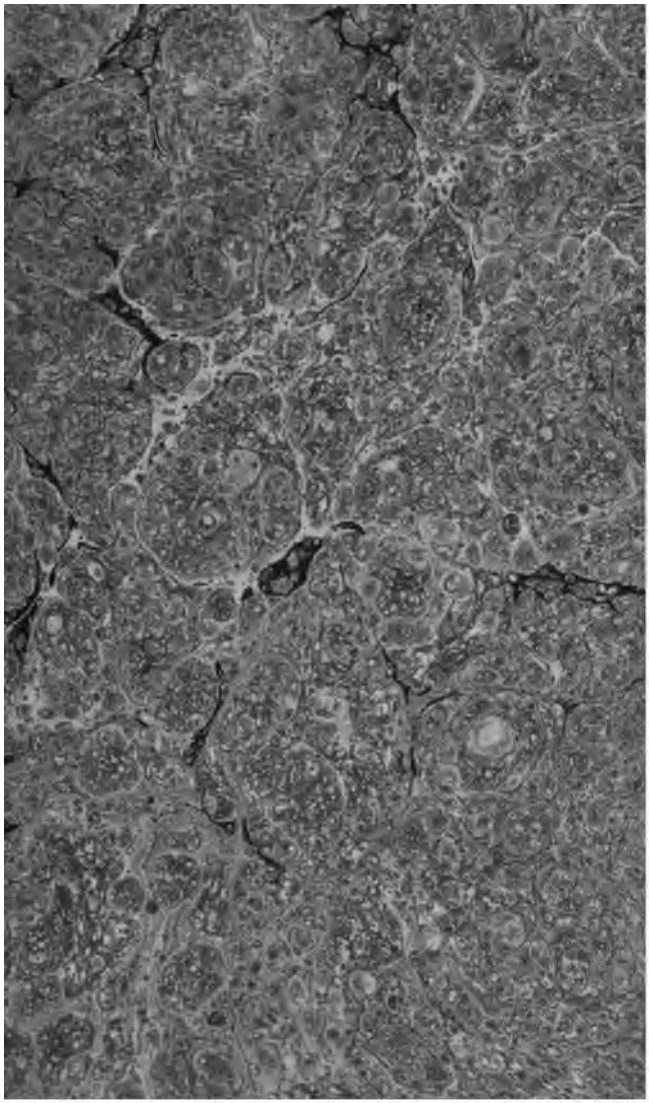

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CONTEMPLATION,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

And ope its hidden treasures to thy view.
Thro' the dank vapours of the darksome mine,
Thou canst thy way explore—or onward thro'
The Regions vast of space, canst wing thy way,
Upborne in subtile Æther sail along;
Nor thy celestial pinions want support
From the gross medium of terrestrial air.
The rushing comet is a creeping worm
Compar'd with thee; when in thy rapid flight
Thou reach'st the sun, and to this nether world
Return'st, outstripping ev'n the beams of light.

Come CONTEMPLATION, bear me westward, where
CORNUBIA stretches far into the sea
Her plenteous horn, abundance pouring forth
Of subterraneous treasure, tempting erst

The ships of TYRE, of SIDON, and the sons
Of old PHENICIA to her rocky coast,
Who thence transported to their happier shores,
Her shining produce.—On the sandy beach
Of that deep bay, whose wide extended arms
Hold in capacious grasp the host of waves
Which murmur on the deeply rooted base
Of the fam'd "guarded mount"—there give me place (A)
On some lone rock, which from the level sands
Rears its more humble head—what time the moon
At midnight, in the solemn silence, moves
Thro' cloudless skies her course sublime, and sheds
On nature's sleeping face her yellow light.

Cradle of BRITISH COMMERCE! here her eyes (B)
First saw the day, here beam'd her infant smiles;

'Twas here she grew on OCEAN's bosom nurs'd,
Who to her riper years her Trident gave,
And bade her rule the waves with sovereign sway.

Here silence reigns, as tho' all nature slept,
Except the never sleeping, restless sea,
Which flows in murmurs on the pebbled beach.

Behold where yon tall bark at anchor rides,
Her canvass idly flagging to the mast;
Proudly she towers above the level deep:
Now rest within her dark capacious sides
The hardy seamen, who awhile forget,
Rock'd on the ceaseless billows of the deep,
The toils of day—with songs beguile the hour,
Or anxious watch, when, or the refluent tide

Shall bear them onward, or the orient morn
Shall wake the sleeping ZEPHYRS up to fill
Her swelling sails, and waft her to her haven.
What anxious bosoms wait on her return!
To some she bears the flowing cup of Joy,
While others shall receive the bitterest draught,
That sorrow ever pour'd—she comes afar,
From that proud isle, which BRITISH valour tore
From the strong grasp of stern IBERIA'S sons,
Whose guilty hands fell nerveless by their sides,
With Indian blood, with blood of millions stain'd;
When by the fearless CHIEF of GENOA led,
With vent'rous keel, they plough'd an unknown sea,
Sow'd it with crimes—and reap'd—oh just reward!
Accursed, never dying thirst of gold.
But guiltless thou, O! still revered chief!

To thee the MUSE her willing tribute pays:
Thy mind, well stor'd with philosophic lore,
By no base passion sway'd, the love of fame,
Of glorious fame! urg'd on thy daring soul:
Not so PIZARRO, CORTEZ, names abhorr'd!
But luckless thou, COLUMBUS! felt their ire
Whose crimes, on thy new world entail'd a curse,
Impos'd by wrath divine,—for ever just!
And Europe's sons, still shrink beneath the scourge
Of FEVER pestilent—who annual stalks
The groaning land—her dire contagious breath
Poisons the stagnant air—with hollow eye
And jaundic'd, haggard mien, she dreadful scowls:
Her giant arm, DESTRUCTION's besom wields,
With which the vengeful FIEND oft daily sweeps
A thousand victims to the yawning grave.

Nor less destructive sweeps the HURRICANE;
At first the air in awful stillness sleeps
As VENGEANCE paus'd—collecting all her might
To pour in tenfold fury down.—The sun
Seems ting'd with blood—no ZEPHYR's fanning wing
Allays the sultry heat—the timid herds
Run wildly o'er the plains, or to the groves
In secret crept with mournful lowings speak
Instinctive fears—the feather'd tribes are mute,
In darkest covert hid—the lurid sky
Man fearful eyes as silently he walks,
And to his trembling family retires.

Now cowering NATURE waits the dread event
In awful expectation—from the hills
Its distant voice is heard—like the shrill cries

Of tortured Fiends it meets the startled ear;
Or as the sound of mighty waters bursts.
Thro' congregating clouds the struggling beams
Of the departing day, shed doubtful light
And gloomy horror—with resistless force
Now sweeping earth and sea, rushes the Storm,
And with increasing swell and louder voice
Impetuous roars and bears upon its wing
Th' uprooted forest and the Planter's hopes.

The trembling houses to their bases shake,
Instead of shelter threat'ning with a grave,
A living grave! the appal'd inhabitants
Fly from their falling roofs to open fields.
On their defenceless heads the tempest pours,
While prone on earth they lie, the herbage grasp

And struggle with the blast—or pass the hours
In dread anxiety beneath some rock,
Whose jutting side a weak protection yields.

NIGHT her black mantle spreads o'er all the scene;
In darkness shrouded, Death new terror wears;
While from the fallen mansions, bursting flames,
Horror to horror add, and dimly show,
Painted with ruddy tints, the ravag'd plains.
And now the Tempest rages in his might
And wrathful arm'd with fire, howl along
The DEMONS of the storm—while borne afar,
Huge beams and burning rafters wing the air.

Nor yet is full O miserable man!
The measure of thy woes—beneath thy feet,

The deep foundations of the solid earth
Give way, and like the billowy ocean rocks
The land—the mountain totters on its base,
And falls with hideous crash into the vale.

The rising waters from their oozy beds,
Rebellowing rush impetuous, and sweep
With rapid strong recoil, thy last sad hopes
Away.—

Its dreadful mission now fulfill'd,
The storm subsides—the clouds dissolve in air,
And streaks of light proclaim the wish'd for day.
Nor rises now the sun as yester morn,
Gilding with chearful ray the smiling face
Of fair Creation—but o'er Nature's wreck

Beams mournful light, and shows where ruin spread
In hideous prospect lies.

In silence lo!
The PLANTER stands the statue of despair;
Around in sorrow rolls his eye, and seeks
With anxious gaze, the partner of his soul
And offspring dear—alas his ranging sight
Meets only devastation!—where of late
Luxuriance gaily smil'd—a dreary waste
Appears—he looks towards the port, but there
No more the crouded navies ride the wave,
Fill'd with the produce of his fertile fields
A complicated scene of horror glooms!
The spacious haven crouded with the wrecks
Of shatter'd barks—with floating corses spread.

Where late his mansion stately rear'd, a heap
Of smouldering ashes smoke—oh, sad reverse!
But yester morn he rose, a happy man,
Possess'd of wealth, and round his plenteous board
His infant prattled, his beloved wife
And beauteous daughter smil'd—of all bereft!
Forlorn he stands—in vain sweet HOPE would cheer
His sinking heart, while meagre FAMINE scowls
And DESOLATION mocks the vain attempt.
Upwards he casts his wild and phrensied eye,
Accusing HEAVEN—"Why, oh why!"—he cries—
"Tak'st thou the wife, the children, servants—all!
"Th' unhappy husband, father, master leave,
"Denying him the comfort of the grave
"The wretch's last retreat!—refusing that
"Thou hast not in thy boasted bounteous stores

"One consolation left!"—rash man forbear!
But that thy maniac voice not Reason guides,
Thou dost as ill deserve HEAV'N's saving power,
As thy imperfect soul its cares can prize.
For lo restor'd! thy lovely partner comes,
One hand sustains thy beauteous daughter's steps,
The other clasps to her maternal breast
Thy younger hopes—and bounding o'er the waves,
With swelling sails thy loaded vessels come
Returning to their port. With succours fraught
And blest with favouring gales from Britain's shore,
BENEVOLENCE conducts the numerous fleet;
At her command pale WANT and FAMINE fly,
And INDUSTRY again her cheerful front
Uprears and plies the busy task—once more
Thy mansion rises fair, and NATURE smiles:

Her lacerated bosom heal'd, again presents
In gay luxuriance dress'd, thy laughing plains;
While Hope with cheering beam the prospect gilds:
So from her ashes sprung the fabled bird,
While spicy odours grateful rose to Heaven.

The Argument.

WILLIAM and MARY—A Tale.

CONTEMPLATION.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Oh tell me Muse, along the winding shore
What specter'd shade, of light and airy form
And garments whiter than the fleecy cloud,
At solemn midnight walks to freeze my blood?
—No spectred shade—no wailing ghost is she;
But a poor lowly, lovely, village maid,
Who by the moony light, at midnight walks,
Her mental ray of light divine extinct.

Her once fair form felt sorrow's cruel blight,
A drooping lily!—nightly on the shore

She walks, and pours her sadly plaintive song,
Her love-lorn ditty on the sighing gale;
The rugged FISHERMAN suspends his oar
And gives to Misery, all he can—a sigh.

The MUSE knew MARY in her happier days;
Blooming in Beauty's fair unrivall'd form.

A youth she lov'd, by nature form'd for love;
Fair SCIENCE smil'd upon her WILLIAM's mind,
And shower'd around his head her choicest gifts:
For tho' he walk'd an humble path of life,
His parents once were blest with brighter days,
Till o'er their evening hour, misfortune's cloud
A gloomy twilight shed—enough was theirs,
To satisfy each wish and banish want,

And something left for melting Charity;
Tho' lux'ry loaded not their frugal board,
Content and polish'd manners round it smil'd:
And smil'd the Muses too on WILLIAM's birth,
Hyblean honey touch'd his infant lips
And lisping numbers flow'd of poesy sweet:
For he was skill'd to touch the warbling lyre,
And oft to MARY's chasten'd ear he pour'd
The lay of love—the listening blushing Maid,
With no false shame, the soft confession heard;
For she, with thoughts as pure as angels know,
Return'd the warm effusions of his heart.

An orphan child was she, and the same hands
That sow'd with virtues bland their WILLIAM's mind,
Foster'd with pious care her tender years.

In the same cradle rock'd, the infant pair
Together grew; the same their playful sports;
Their wishes, their affections were the same:
As tho' one kindred soul inspir'd them both.
In beauty equal, but of different cast;
He was the open vernal blushing rose;
She, the retiring lily of the shade.

Now when from infancy to youth they grew,
And young affection ripen'd into love;
Then other cares his generous heart assail'd,
He felt the *wish* for wealth—but not the *thirst;*
His parents' eve of life he hop'd to cheer,
To be the prop round which their age might twine:
"And MARY, too"—he often sighing said,
"I would transplant thee to a kindlier soil;

"Oh! is it fit that beauty fair as thine,
"And virtue, such as might amend a world,
"Should waste their sweetness in the secret shade."

Perhaps Ambition touch'd his youthful heart;
And conscious worth, from vanity distinct
As day from night—might whisper in his ear
That he was form'd in higher sphere to shine,
Than in the humbler walks of rural life.

His peaceful home he left for Indian climes;
To earn a competence was all his wish;
But firm resolving in his manly mind,
Rather in poverty to seek his home,
Than stain his hands with base extortion:
"The brighest gem Golconda e'er produc'd,

" By the hard hand of bloody Rapine grasp'd,
" Contracts a stain as foul as hell itself!
" Which art can ne'er remove or foil disguise:
" Far! far from me such wealth"—he oft would say,
" For not, O MARY! ev'n thy bosom soft
" Could lull to sweet repose the guilty soul."

But tho' imagination may conceive,
No words can paint, alas! the parting pangs
Those faithful lovers felt—and only those
Can feel, whose hearts are touch'd with love like theirs.

To the high beacon hill she clim'd, and view'd
The lessening bark that bore him far away,
Till hazy distance and her tearful eye
Denied all further sight—then homeward trod,

With heavy heart, her melancholy way,
Sought her sad lonely couch and wept 'till morn.

And oft for seven long years she climb'd the hill,
Mark'd on th' horizon's verge with many a sigh,
The spot where last his fading sail she view'd:
Or watch'd the barks that homeward steer'd their course
Which HOPE oft whisper'd, might some letter bear
From WILLIAM's hand—nor all delusive prov'd,
For oft his well-known seal (two billing doves)
Receiv'd, unconscious of the bliss, from lips,
Whose freshness made the vermeil wax look pale,
The pure and fervid kiss of faithful love.

At length the tidings came that toward home
He soon would bend his course; if not with wealth

With treasure richer far!—content—to end
His weary pilgrimage, at that fair shrine
Where holy saints without a blush might bow.
And now approach'd, with leaden feet, the time
When Mary might expect to see his sail
Light dancing on the distant wave—the hill
Became her seat from morn 'till dewy eve;
She watch'd each bark on ocean's utmost verge
That mov'd—her bosom, like th' expanse of sea
Beneath her eye out stretch'd—each anxious day
A thousand changes felt—now chilling Fear,
With wintery gales its troubled surface swept;
Now Hope with summer smiles its billows smooth'd.

One day, ere early morn her sober veil
Withdrew, and show'd the ruddy sun's round disk

All glorious rising from the eastern waves,
Mary had brush'd the pearly dews of night,
That mark'd her path across the heathy hill.
On the rude rock that crown'd its lofty head
She sat, with eye impatient watch'd the morn,
Which opening fair, its smiling promise gave,
To crown her wishes with a day serene.
Promise delusive!—ere the sun had gain'd
The utmost south, and half his course had run,
The gathering clouds foretel a change—the sea
With polish'd face no longer now reflects
An azure sky—but rushing winds by starts
Its level surface sweep, and their plough'd paths
A deeper colour frowns—aloft in air
The sea birds wheeling round with piercing cry,
Proclaim a storm—the waves, which lately crept

Stealing with gentle murmurs on the shore,
Lift high their whiten'd heads and roll along
Impetuous, uptearing in their course
The pebbled beach, and mix'd with sand and ooze
And foam, in thunder bellow on the strand;
Or by the rocks oppos'd, their sprayey heads
O'ertop the cliffs and mingle with the skies.

The horizon now half blended with the clouds,
Obscurely show'd to MARY'S wistful eye,
Where many a sail hard struggled with the storm;
The minute guns, sad signals of distress,
At first but faintly heard—the dubious sound,
Is scarce distinguish'd from the awful peal
Of distant thunder—nearer and nearer now
Bursts on the ear the intermitting roar,

Which round the spacious bay by echoes born,
Drowns for a moment e'en the tempest's voice.

The wind blew on the shore, within whose grasp
A gallant ship appear'd, her crouded sails
Obliquely caught the gale—oh, vain attempt!
The last resource by desperation urg'd,
In hopes to clear yon promontory huge,
Which to the eastward rears its threatning head;
Amidst whose foaming craggs Destruction waits,
Nor waits, alas, in vain!—the vessel's speed
A frowning rock arrests—with dreadful crash
Her masts come thundering down—the hull
Rebounding with the stroke, a moment floats,
As fate were pausing—then o'erwhelm'd she sinks,
While howling o'er the wreck, with tenfold rage,

Lash'd into foam, the mountain billows roar,
And many a victim sweep to instant death:
While others to the bowsprit cling awhile,
Whose shrieks, amidst the pauses of the storm,
Add horror to the scene!—successive waves
Their number lessen, till the yawning gulf
Receives them all—unhappy! still they strive;
And struggle hard, and grasp for life in death.

Now down the cliffs, with haste the peasant train
In numbers throng, a gen'rous hardy band,
Intent to succour; not by plunder led,
As erst in former days, when their rude minds
Untutor'd were—ere soft Humanity
Her milder lessons pour'd—now hand in hand
Firm grasp'd—a length of living chain they form,

And fearless plunge into the deathful surge,
And many a livid form they draw to land.

Mary, with heavy heart and deep drawn sighs,
Their pious work attends; with fearful eye,
Full many a pale and ghastly corse she view'd;
For the unpitying storm, not one, alas!
Had spar'd, their melancholy tale to tell.

High on the sands was stretch'd a youthful form;
Supine he lay, still graceful e'en in death;
Mary approach'd, on pious cares intent,
To see if yet the vital spark was quench'd:
When Memory, too faithful to its trust,
Presents the image graven on her heart,
And William's form—alas! too well she knew:

Down senseless sunk the maid upon his corse:
At length by tender care again to life,
But not to Reason, woke—REASON had fled!
And left—alas! for ever left, a form
Fairer than e'er before on earth she knew.

Sweet wreck of beauty! sacred be thy haunts,
And undisturb'd thy nightly wandering steps;
Far, far from eye profane indulge thy woes!
By all unseen, but by the mournful MUSE,
Who with thy song would mix her plaintive lay
And soothe thy mind with melancholy strains;
For grief's sad luxury is now thine all!
Save when at times, to thy deluded sense
Appears thy WILLIAM rising from the wave,
To clasp with shadowy arms his love-lorn maid:
Then like the moon thro' chilly wintry clouds,

Thy palid face a momentary gleam
Of gladness wears, but soon, too soon! it fades,
And then thy sorrows pour a sadder strain,
More mournful melting on the ear of NIGHT.
Ere long the scene will close—sweet blighted flower
O'erloaded with Misfortune's baleful dews,
Down to the grave thy drooping head will sink;
And o'er thy hillock green, the village maids,
Once the companions of thy happier hours,
With pious care shall plant the lily pale
And weeping snowdrop—PITY's softest tears
Shall bid them yearly bloom, whilst thy chaste soul,
In thine own angel form, shall take its flight
To meet her WILLIAM, where the Tempest's wing
No more shall sweep—nor howling voice be heard,
But joys immortal crown their faithful loves.

The Argument.

ADDRESS to CONTEMPLATION.—*A more cheerful subject proposed.—The Mount described in a calm.—Pilchard fishery.—Address to the* MUSE.—*The* MINER *going to work.—Solitary scenes.—Their effect on his mind.—Appearance of his lanthorn at a distance.—Descent into the mine.—Address to* HOPE.—*The* MINER'S *dream.—Address to* HOPE *continued.*

CONTEMPLATION.

CANTO THE THIRD.

ENOUGH of horror and of woe, the Muse
Has sung—on CONTEMPLATION now she calls
To change the scene, and for a while foregoes
The mournful strains of pensive melancholy,
And to more cheerful numbers tunes her song.

The Mount, which late to Fancy's ranging eye,
Rear'd its rude head amidst the howling storm,
Now lifts his summit to a sky serene;
While Cynthia mounting o'er the Druid hills,
Glances her beams upon the rugged rocks

Which clothe his sides, while Ocean's calm expanse
Like a broad mirror spread, reflective gives
The picture softer still, more melting blent
With mildest light, and dark reposing shade.

The season this, when to CORNUBIA's shore
The migrant swarms of Ocean's finny tribes
Their annual visit pay; her winding coast
Of jutting headlands, deep indented bays
With sinous course they trace; while from the heights
The HEWER views with keen exploring eye (c)
The scaly hosts, diffusing ruddy light:
Joyous he hails, with promis'd wealth replete,
The sea's rich harvest offer'd to his hand.
The billows teem!—and barks innumerous spread
O'er Ocean's bosom, ply the busy oar,

*

Or hoist the sail, and catch the summer breeze.
Nor is to man confin'd the eager chase,
Ten thousand birds in flocks attend the shoals
With clam'rous wailing cries, and mark their course.
The Gull with sweeping wing oft dipping bears
Away thro' air his silvery prize—beneath,
The diving Cormorant pursues and crams
His greedy maw insatiate, and oft times
Himself a prey to the swift-shooting shark,
The dread voracious tyrant of the deep.
The quick-ey'd Gannet, soaring to the clouds,
From airy height his gliding quarry views,
And, scarce the light'ning swifter, darting down
With aim unerring, bears it far away
For many a fathom deep beneath the wave.

There rapid roll along the Porpoise herd,
In awkward gambols o'er the foaming flood;
Or 'midst the shoal in riotous pursuit
They plunge—gorge on their flying prey, and break
The close-form'd column—scattering far and wide
The scared myriads—MAN more greedy still,
Aided by art and urg'd by thirst of gold,
Whole millions sweep at once!

The well-skill'd ready FISHERMEN surround
The shoals intire—exulting in success;
Some patient watch their nets, or land the prize;
Others improvident and wild with joy,
Row with elate rapidity to land,
And meet their wives and daughters on the beach,
With smiles of sweet congratulation;

While Echo carries thro' the winding shore
" Ten thousand hogsheads in *The Happy* scan!"
Away they hie them to—*the Rising Sun*—
King's Arms—or *George and Dragon*—to regale
On punch, and toddy, and the nut-brown beer;
To tell the tale of Fortune—and pronounce
On future guineas!—Now the Fiddler blind,
With wooden leg, appears—to hail success,
Not with an instrument of Steiner's make,
Or Straduarius, or the meltng wood
Of sweet Amati—but the effort rude
Of country carpenter, with hand uncouth;
Yet well it serves to screech forth " *Bobin Joan*,"
Or " *Drops of Brandy*"—" *Joan come tickle me*,"
Or " *Lumps of Pudding*"—lov'd by country lads:
Sounds such as Saint Cecilia never heard;

Yet not discordant to the rustic ear;
Enlivening full as well the dancer's heel,
As fiddles of high fame.—Thus pleas'd at heart,
They revel, men and maids, and hug and kiss,
All heedless of the future—when behold
To damp their joys, the congregating clouds
Diffuse a depth of gloom—the winds arise,
The troubl'd ocean heaves—the whit'ning waves
Break into foam—the black'ning tempest howls
And sweeps the world of waters with her wing
Resistless—while the burst of thunder sounds
Rebellowing—uptorn from Ocean's bed,
Th' impris'ning net that held the finny host,
Floats all in broken threads upon the surge;
While all the little captives joyous pour
In myriads forth, and seek the distant deep.

Straight on each visage disappointment lours;
The fiddle ceases and the heel subsides;
Blank silence all around—the golden hopes
Lost!—scatter'd in the tumult of the winds!

Ye worldlings! scoff not at those lowly sons
And daughters of simplicity—whose hearts
No guile invades—how many! better taught,
With motives not so pure, presume to tempt
The fickle goddess, 'till her smiles withdrawn,
She sweeps their ill-got wealth at once away,
And sinks their air-built castles in the deep.

Now turn my MUSE thy contemplative eye
To where o'er common wild with silent step,
To midnight toil the MINER bends his way; (D)

And tho' his manly soul's to danger train'd,
Yet solitary scenes impress his mind
With fearful awe and superstitious dread;
He hears in every breeze a whispering voice,
And each grey rock a spectered shadow seems.

But most he dreads, to pass the lonely spot,
The busy scene of mining once—in times
Long pass'd away—where LABOUR daily toil'd
Cheer'd by the jocund song and merry glee:
"Those heaps"—he sighs—"where DESOLATION sits,
"Were rais'd by hands which many rolling years
"Have moulder'd into dust—the head which fram'd
"Yon engine vast—has long since ceas'd to think."
In fancy now he hears its clanking chains;
Sees with fix'd eye its pond'rous lever heave;

And tho' those prodigies are omens fair,
Which tell him, that the busy scene again
Shall wake to life—yet shuddering—his cheek
Blanches with fear—the blood retiring seeks
His sinking heart—and shiv'ring coldness creeps
O'er all his limbs—he quits the dreary place,
And whistles as he goes to drown his fears.

Like WILL O'WISP, in ancient fairy days,
Who mischief lov'd and weary travellers led
O'er bog and fen, his distant lanthorn shows,
Which serves to light him down the darksome way
To caverns deep, in earth's dark bosom hid;
There by the taper's dimly burning flame,
Which damp unwholesome air but half sustains,
Unwearied he pursues his task 'till morn;

Nor cheerless works—accustom'd to the toil,
He seeks a golden prize—Hope's smiling ray
Bright'ning the dusky horrors of the mine.

Here turn your eyes, ye silken sons of wealth!
While in luxurious pomp ye roll along
Pursuing Pleasure thro' her mazy paths;
Enjoyment courting, till your loathing souls
O'er-pamper'd, satiate, feel the nauseous pangs
Of surfeit—hither turn and view the toil,
Nor scornful view, of him who digs the wealth
Ye idly dissipate in shameless vice:
Yet he, if right he deems, is happier far
Than ye in gayest hour e'er could boast.
His homely meal, by labour season'd sweet,
No surfeit brings—Content around him smiles,

And while ye toss upon your beds of down,
And court th'embrace of balmy SLEEP in vain,
She to his humble pillow flies uncall'd,
Blesses his bed of straw or homely flock,
By health and labour smooth'd. But chiefly thou
O! ever blooming daughter of the skies,
'Tis thy alluring smile and dulcet voice
Sweet HOPE, that cheer his solitary hour;
Soften his rugged toil, and pour the balm
Of healing comfort on his care-worn mind.
By thee commission'd, nightly round his couch
Hover with promise fair in airy forms
The pleasing dreams—then the blue lambent flame (E)
He sees from earth arise, its spires pale
Innoxious wave, and mock his nearer view,
While in his mind he careful marks the spot

Thus pointed out, where Nature's treasure lies
Deep buried in her bosom dark—he seems
With labour light th' incumbent soil to raise;
And lo! far stretching east and west, a lode (F)
Of mighty breadth—in various hollows form'd
Of splendid grottoes, from whose roofs depend (G)
The sable crystals of the sparkling Tin,
In clusters hung amidst the snowy Quartz
And Diamond's form pellucid—on the walls
In gems quadrangular of emerald green,
And amethystine tints, the Fluors shine.
Pyrites bright, like gold and silver gleam;
While in profusion poured all around,
With all the colours of the peacock's train,
Or the gay dyes of the celestial arch
That spans the skies, refulgent Copper glows.

He views the fairy scene, with rapture sees
His taper's feeble light reflected blaze
In dazzling splendors from the golden mine:
Nor when the wakeful bird with clarion shrill
Bids th' unembodied phantoms of the night
To melt in morning air—permittest thou
The picture all to fade—in fancy's eye
Thou giv'st it still to glow—his waking thoughts
By thee sustain'd upon thy promise dwell. (H)

He rises from his couch—the well-known place,
Where in his dream the rising fire he saw,
He seeks—with skill he scans the various ground,
And marks where swells the hill, where sinks the vale
To drain the waters from his promis'd store.
Cheer'd by thy voice he labours on—at times

Fell DISAPPOINTMENT shows her wrinkled front,
But at thy magic touch she disappears;
While oft thou whisperst in his listening ear,
"The treasure deeper lies," and on he toils.
Still 'tis thy lovely but delusive smile
That gladdens man and cheers his drooping soul,
Whether he digs the mine or ploughs the wave:
Without thy presence, thro' Life's dreary path
He'd gloomy stray—thou strew'st it o'er with flowers,
Beneath whose glowing leaves insidious lurk
The piercing thorns of Care; thy balm thou pourst;
The smarting wounds are heald—thus man pursues
His chequer'd, various way—upheld by thee
Expects to taste what still delusive mocks
His eager grasp—and often to his lips
Thou holdst the golden sweet Hesperian fruit;

Then as Atlanta swift thou bear'st away
The fragrant prize—again approaching, tempt'st
His weary feet—he still pursues thy steps
Till led by thee, O guide, by heaven sent,
The GARDEN's sacred bounds at length attains,
Where only Man can taste the fruit divine.

Now, 'midst the silent, solemn midnight hour,
As Memory traces o'er Life's busy scene,
Regretted OPIE! o'er thine urn she hangs,
As low thou liest by REYNOLDS' honor'd dust!
Then turns to dwell on happier days—when thou,
(An ever welcome guest!) green in thy spring,
Yet mellow in the summer of thine art,
Thou sought'st my Parent's hospitable home,
And sharedst with his sons the good man's smile:

Who pleas'd survey'd thee—Nature's simple child!
And hail'd, prophetic hail'd, thy future fame!

Guide of thy youthful steps, then WOLCOT too
The circle join'd, whose irony and wit
Drew from Solemnity itself a smile,
And playful, set the table in a roar.

Together happy, we have rang'd the hill,
To meet the sun emerging from his east,
Tinging Creation's cheek with golden light:
And stray'd, at eve, thro' grove and winding vale,
When the last splendors of the orb of day
Illum'd the west—nor then, did Nature hide
Her various treasures from thy ardent gaze.

Thy strong discriminating mind with ease
Would analyze her many colour'd tints;
As with a master's hand thou bad'st the scene,
In all its lustre, on the canvas live.
Fair Science smil'd, as ever pleas'd she view'd
The growing works of thy creative hand;
Where from thy pencil starting into life,
The hoary Beggar with his scrip and staff,
With furrow'd cheek and eye of asking want
Implores the soothing balm of Pity's sigh.
The Peasant Maid, in Beauty's artless form:
The Suppliant blind, led by his faithful dog
And infant daughter: who, with filial care,
Supports his feeble undecisive step,
And anxious smooths the rugged path of life.

But not content this humble path to tread,
Thou daredst a wider range.—Thy soaring mind,
At nobler immortality aspir'd:
When HIST'RY gave her pencil to thy hand.

But vain, alas! the Muse attempts to trace
Thy every step to Fame—she hail'd thy dawn,
And view'd thy Sun still bright'ning to its noon;
But in meridian splendor—sudden lost!
A cloud obscures it in eternal shade.

The Argument.

CARNBRÊ-HILL.—*The* DRUIDS.—*Address to Occan.*—*Promontory of* BELLERIUM, *or the Land's-end.*—*Allusion to the War.*—*Return of the Fleet from* TRAFALGAR.—LORD NELSON.—*Allusion to the Capture of* BUENOS AYRES.—*Tradition of the Loss of the Country of* LIONES, *overwhelmed by the Sea.*—*The* CASSITERIDES, *or Scilly Islands.*—*Contemplation of the* HEAVENS; *the* MOON; *the* SUN.

CONTEMPLATION.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Now, O Dunstanville, o'er thine own Carnbrê,
Well pleas'd the Muse, at stilly midnight hour,
Would wander, and explore the Druid haunts; (I)
In solitude converse with other times.

As sighs the breeze, that waves the thistle's head
O'er yonder grave—like dimly-rising mist, (K)
Majestic moves a more than mortal form;
His snowy robe behind him sweeps the earth,
And on his breast descends his hoary beard;

Downward he bends his melancholy eye,
But hark! he strikes his lyre, the mournful strain
Melts in accordance with his plaintive voice:

" Extinct my race, and fallen are my groves,
" My sacred oaks, that heav'n-ward rearing spread
" Their giant arms—alas! no more they shade
" Our rites mysterious from the prying day.
" By Time's unsparing hand—my rocks o'erturn'd
" Are prostrate laid—no more the choral hymn
" On wings of Melody shall rise to heav'n;
" No more shall wake the eye of golden day.
" Polluted, lo, my holy altars lie;
" Where beam'd the sacred flame, now lurks the Fox,
" Or crawls the pois'nous Toad, or Newt obscene.
" All! all its glories fled—the dreary scene

" With grief I view, all desolate and wild.
" Yet as I linger o'er the sad remains,
" Suspend I oft the rising sigh, to mark
" Thy steps DUNSTANVILLE—when, at Eve's calm hour,
" Pensive thou strayst along my lonely hill.
" Thy philosophic mind, instruction seeks,
" 'Midst the rude monuments of other days:
" Where TIME on rock of adamant records
" Departed ages. And full oft I view,
" With eye complacent view, thy walk thro' life:
" For on thy graceful steps attendant still,
" An ever lovely band! the VIRTUES wait.
" Above the rest conspicuous, tho' retir'd,
" Shines soft-eyed CHARITY—around thee floats
" A strain more grateful melting on the ear,
" Than all the melody the Grove resounds,

" Or than the throng'd orchestra ever pour'd,
" The blessings of the poor! by infants rais'd
" In lisping numbers sounds from earth to heav'n.

" Cherish'd by thee too, lo, around thee sport
" The polish'd ARTS, to DRUIDS ever dear:
" Thy lovely offspring smiles upon the train,
" Whilst for her brows their fairest wreaths they weave."*

OCEAN! thy ever-changing scene presents
To CONTEMPLATION'S eye a glorious theme!
Whether thou smil'st beneath the "guarded mount,"*
Or thy severer front, as now, she views
From the high steep of proud BELLERIUM'S brow:
Amidst thy surges wild and mingled roar,

Unmov'd the towering promontory stands;
His head majestic in the clouds—he frowns
Contemptuous on the bellowing deep, that threats
With unavailing rage his fixed base:
Thus! thus unshaken 'midst a warring world
Imperial Britain stands—thus haughty frowns
Indignant on her foes—and fearless views
The dark ferocious band that menace proud
Her happy shore—while bleeding Europe bends
Beneath the tyrant's yoke—on high she lifts
Her head amidst the storm—extends her shield,
The drooping nations cheers, and bids them mark
Where her victorious banners gaily wave.
O'er the cerulean bosom of the deep
Behold e'en now her floating bulwarks sail,
Her heroes bearing from the glorious fight

Of TRAFALGAR—lo, fann'd by VICTORY's wing,
Aloft in air her mingled crosses wave
Proud streaming on the gale—beneath their shade
Repose the ashes of the godlike CHIEF:
His own illustrious deeds he still surpass'd,
Till Heav'n no brighter meed could grant, but crown'd
A life of glory with a glorious Death!
Ten thousand voices raise the pealing shout,
And hail the victors to their native shore.
Impatient waits BRITANNIA to discharge
The mighty debt—o'er NELSON's honour'd hearse
The grateful tear to shed—but while she weeps
Exulting in his fame she proudly cries,
" A thousand Nelsons from his ashes spring!
" My sons shall mark with pride his laurel'd grave
" And gather inspiration from his shrine."

Fired by the HERO's name, and FREEDOM's cause,
BRITONS despise a Tyrant's boastful threats.
What tho' the abject slaves obey his will,
And to the prows of Commerce shut their ports,
The feeble barrier British valour bursts,
Or ope's new channels for her vent'rous keels.

I see them fearless plough the southern wave,
LA PLATA opens wide her spreading arms,
And as deliverers hails the gallant band:
While struck, th' IBERIAN sullenly retires,
And cowering trembles at a BRITON's name.
Enervate, sunk in Luxury's soft arms;
His generous mind debas'd by slavery vile;
To honour lost, and deaf to former fame,
In abject meanness bows to tyrant FRANCE.

Here! here ye brave! ye reap your rich reward,
Beneath salubrious skies here Plenty reigns.

Ye simple Natives—Barrons seek your shores,
Not with rapacious fangs to tear your soil;
With British Commerce, FREEDOM comes, who bears
To every clime, a blessing on her wings.

In feeble accents on the Muse's ear,
But not unheeded, sounds Tradition's voice;
And mix'd with many a fable dark and wild
Of old Bellerus and his giant train,
She pensive drops the tear or heaves the sigh
O'er sunken Lionès, the fair domain (L)
Of Meliogras powerful king and sire
Of Tristram, British Arthur's valorous knight, (M)

So high renown'd in SPENCER's Fairy song,
Her cities, towns, inhabitants and flocks,
And herds of lowing cattle, at a sweep!
One whelming sweep of Ocean, swallow'd up.
Her nodding groves, where Philomela tun'd
Her nightly song—her palaces and mansions fair,
Become the haunt of fishes monstrous
That prowl the deep—while o'er the prostrate land
The vast ATLANTIC hoarse triumphant roars,
Leaving—sad trophy of her victory!
The tops of rugged hills above the waves:
Which hence, almost in hazy distance lost
Appear the barren CASSITERIDES. (N)

Now as I gaze towards the vast expanse,
Where worlds unnumber'd shine! the soaring mind

Spurns the dull earth, and with presuming wing
Invades the skies;—at shorter distance dares,
But with most reverential awe, to view
The wond'rous works of GOD OMNIPOTENT!

She sees the MOON a beauteous peopled world! (o)
No heavy atmosphere with vapoury clouds
Obscure her face, which ever smiling shows
A sweet variety, of hill and dale,
Of spreading lakes, and seas, and rivers clear,
Of verdant plains, and mountains cloath'd with wood:
No howling storms her tranquil regions shake;
No forked lightening's dart; no rains descend;
No burning rays by medium dense converg'd,
Scorch her green vallies or imbrown her hills:
But gentlest zephyrs fan her smiling groves

With balmy breath, oxygenous and pure,
Refreshing, unsophisticate, unmix'd
With poisonous air mephitic—softest showers
In gentle dews dispensing moisture bland,
Cheer the green herb and never-dying flower.
Happy land!
No varying seasons mark thy rolling year,
Save just enough of change to break the round
Of dull monotony—thy halcyon days
Eternal sunshine crowns—thy cloudless skies
A deeper azure wear—thy nights serene,
Ten thousand burning lamps, with rays benign
Of purest light, enliven—unobscur'd
By dusky atmosphere's impeding gloom:
But chiefest that thy favor'd hemisphere,

Which ever faithful turns its silver face
To Earth, is blest—the earth, to thee a moon,
Or in thy gaily spangled vault outspreads
Her crescent horns, or round refulgent shield
Full orb'd, her face presents; now beaming clear
With varied hill and dale—now veil'd in clouds
Whose fleecy robes reflect a brighter ray
Of snowy white, or gaily tinted, blaze
The various dies of Iris' painted bow.

Thy sons and daughters, happy! happy race!
Perchance no evil know—nor know the taste
Of grosser food for man's support ordain'd;
Nor the base passions of the human breast;
But breathing thus, the pure empyreal air,
Possess celestial forms, with beauty crown'd;

As far excelling all this world can boast,
As doth the fairest flower the meanest weed.

But now, O CONTEMPLATION, bear me where
A theme more glorious still! demands my song:
To where the SUN in peerless majesty (P)
Sheds his bright beams, and round illumines space.
Hail source of light!—O say may MAN presume,
That dim-eyed creeping mole, t' approach thy sphere,
And ev'n in thought survey thy sacred form,
Envelop'd not, as seems to vulgar eyes,
In scorching flames—but cloath'd in splendid veil
Of glorious emanating light divine:
Beyond whose bound no mortal eye may pierce,
Nor pry into the lustrous world within:

Perhaps the Heaven of Heavens promis'd Man,
By the ALL WISE BENEFICENT.

But stay, O Muse,
And view awhile with contemplative eye,
Amid the solar blaze, if thou mayst dare,
Not with the organ weak of mortal man,
But with the MIND immortal, to survey
The ALMIGHTY in his works!—if unconfus'd,
Amid the rolling spheres, the whirling worlds,
Thro' all the vast infinitude of space,
Thou wing'st thy way—O turn, and reverent view
The mighty work of the OMNIPOTENT.
Systems innumerous!—worlds round worlds revolve
Harmonious, complicate, yet unconfus'd;
Each in his orbit chain'd by power divine!

Whose comprehensive mind the whole surveys:
Who fills all space—and matter all pervades:
Who guards with equal hand the glorious Sun,
And yon small speck—yon distant twinkling star
Man's humbler home—where not a sparrow falls
Without his leave.

NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

NOTES.

CANTO THE FIRST.

NOTE (A.)

Of the fam'd Guarded Mount.—

" Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
" Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
" Where the great vision of the guarded mount
" Looks towards Namanco's and Bayona's hold."

MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

MILTON, doubting which way the waves might carry the body of Lycidas, drowned in the Irish sea, imagines it was either driven northward by the Hebrides, or else, so far to the south as to lie sleeping near the fable, or the fabulous mansion, of old Bellerus, where the great fable of the guarded mount looks

towards the coast of Spain. The place here meant is probably a promontory in Cornwall, known by the name of the Land's-end, and called by Diodorus Siculus, Bellerium Promontorium, perhaps from Bellerus one of the Cornish giants, with which that country, and the poems of the old British bards were once filled. A watch tower and light house formerly stood on this promontory, and looked, as Orosius says, towards another high tower in Brigantia, in Gallicia, and consequently towards *Bayona's Hold*. It may be farther observed, that Milton in his manuscript had written *Corineus*, and afterwards changed it for *Bellerus*. Corineus came into this island with Brute, and had that part of the country assigned for his share, which after him was named Cornwall. The fable of Bellerus and the vision of the Guarded Mount is plainly taken from some of our old romances; but we may perceive what place is intended. (Notes on Milton, 4to. edition.)

We conceive the annotator on Milton to be mistaken in supposing that the promontory of the Land's-end was alluded to under the expression of the "*Guarded Mount*," to which the figure of it by no means applies, nor has it, that we know of, any remains of a building, and why should it be called the

Guarded Mount, if it has no castle or any kind of fortification on it?

NOTE (B.)

Cradle of British commerce, &c.

From Strabo and other writers, there is no doubt but the Phenicians, Tyrians, &c. had an intercourse with this island at a very early period; to which they were induced by the tin found, almost exclusively, in Devon and Cornwall; to the western coasts of the latter, particularly the Mountsbay, they were supposed to have resorted so early as 600 years before Christ.

NOTES.

CANTO THE THIRD.

NOTE (c.)

" The hewer views with keen exploring eye."

The *Hewer* is an experienced fisherman, who is stationed on a hill, to watch the coming of the fish; and which he is capable of discerning at a great distance by a reddish gleam of light, which the shoal occasions on the surface of the sea. By the signals of the hewer, the fishermen in the boats are directed in the pursuit of their prey; when they approach the shoal, they throw out a net (called a sean) many hundreds of yards in length; which descends to the bottom by means of leaden weights, whilst its upper edge is floated with corks. With this net, as with a wall, the fish are surrounded. Ten thousand hogsheads, each contain-

ing above 3,000 fish, have been known to have been inclosed at a time in one sean.

NOTE (D.)

" *To midnight toil*, &c.

It is the custom with the miners to work six hours, and to rest the same space of time, so that the person who commences his work at midnight, returns to his home at six in the morning.

NOTE (E.)

" *Then the blue lambent flame*," &c.

Luminous exhalations from the earth have ever been considered by the miners as indicating a lode.

NOTE (F.)

" *Far stretching east and west.*"

All *regular* tin and copper lodes run in this direction.

NOTE (G.)

" *Of Splendid grottoes,*" &c.

Hollows or grottoes, of a very beautiful appearance, are not unfrequent in rich copper lodes.

As many readers may be unacquainted with the various substances mentioned in this part of the poem, it will not, we trust, be deemed impertinent to give a concise account of some of them.

TIN is always found in a state of crystallization, and when the grains (as the miners call them) or crystals are large and unmixed

with earthy or stony matter, but stand in detached clusters, they have an exceedingly beautiful appearance, their colour is nearly black, with a high natural polish.

QUARTZ is a stone, (improperly, in Cornwall, called spar) generally speaking, of a snowy white, and formed into clusters of hexagonal crystals. The Cornish diamond is nothing more than quartz of a high degree of purity, being perfectly transparent, and possessing a fine natural polish. They are considered as far superior in lustre and hardness to the Bristol stone or Brasilian pebble, and to approach nearer the real diamond than any of that description.

FLUOR is a most beautiful crystallization, formed into cubes, to a degree of almost mathematical precision; they are, some of them, very transparent and beautifully tinted of various colours, but those of the *emerald* and *amethyst* tints are most common.

PYRITES (called by the miner *mundic*) though exceedingly beautiful in appearance, is of little value, being composed chiefly of *iron*, *arsenic*, and *sulphur*, but it generally accompanies a rich

lode. The pyrites are all of a metallic appearance, and are formed in facets of various figures, and of a high polish and lustre, some are the colour of gold, and some of silver, and others like coloured foils.

Copper ore is also very beautiful, often exhibiting, with a high degree of metallic lustre, all the colours of the peacock's train, or the rain-bow.

NOTE (H.)

——— "*Upon thy promise dwell,*" &c.

Among the numerous lodes of metals which intersect the county of Cornwall, it is not to be wondered at, that, in many instances, trifling incidents should have led to the discovery of valuable mines; thus we have had wheal boys discovered by some boys at play; wheal dream, &c. We are not to be surprised therefore, if the unlettered miner should have a confi-

dence in *dreams*, which is not more ridiculous than the fable of the *divining rod*, in which many learned men have believed; and a late writer on the mines of Cornwall gives (with the greatest confidence in its efficacy) directions for the use of it.

NOTES.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

NOTE (1.)

——— "*And explore the Druid haunts*, &c."

Doctor Borlase, speaking of Carnbrê-hill, says, "It has all the evidences that can be desired of having been appropriated to the uses of the British religion." "The top of the hill," says he, "is thick set with karns or groupes of rocks, and the spaces between and below were, in the memory of the last generation, filled with a grove of oaks; now there are no trees, but the places where those trees were charked (or burnt into charcoal) are still to be seen."

——— "Consecrated hills
"Once girt with spreading oaks, mysterious rows

" Of rude enormous obelisks, that rise
" Orb within orb, stupendous monuments
" Of artless architecture, such as now
" Oftimes amaze the wandering traveller,
" By the pale moon discern'd on Sarum's plain."

WEST'S Inst. of the Garter.

NOTE (K.)

" *O'er yonder grave,*" &c.

" Farther on to the right we observed many more stones set up on end on the top of the mount, and leading the eye to a passage or entrance betwixt two stones taller by several feet than the others; turning to the left, we found a sepulchre, whose sides were raised with stones roughly hewed and covered with a large flat stone."

BORLASE'S Antiq. of Cornwall.

Some of those venerable remains have been destroyed by the hands of the moorstone cutters, and the rest would no doubt in

time have shared the same fate, had not Lord De Dustanville issued his orders for preventing future depredations. Carnbrê is the property of his Lordship; and crowned with its fine old castle, and the Druidical remains, forms a most interesting and picturesque object from his elegant seat of Tehidy Park.

NOTE (L.)

" O'er sunken Liones," &c.

The tradition of the country of Liones having in a distant age been swallowed up by the sea, is still prevalent in the western parts of Cornwall, and is thus mentioned by Norden in his account of that county, written in the reign of James the First. " It is left unto this age, by tradition, that a great part of this promontory (the Land's-end) is swallowed up of the devouring sea, namely, the countrie of Liones, and other land lying between the present Land's-end and the isles of Scillye, 30 miles distant." That such an event really happened, is in a great measure confirmed by many circumstances, which evidently show that a great subsidence has at some time or other taken

place in Cornwall. It is said, that both in the Mountsbay and the Scilly Islands (when very low tides have occurred immediately after great storms, which have broken up the beach or removed the sands to a considerable depth) great quantities of oak and other trees have been found, lying along all in one direction, with their roots and branches, as if overthrown by some great convulsion. The author has himself seen parts of some oak trees which were a few years since discovered under the like circumstances, either in the parish of Gerrans or St. Just; they lay several feet below the usual low water mark. And, on being first taken up, were of so firm a texture as to be thought useful, but after being exposed to the air a few days, the colour of the wood changed to a bluish black, it cracked, and its whole substance seemed to be destroyed. In addition to the above evidence, in Carnon Stream-work, between Penryn and Truro, on removing the superstratum of earth in search for tin, at least twenty feet below the present high water mark, was found a sea beach and mud, *under which*, was discovered a forest of oaks and other trees, which had evidently been overthrown at one and the same time. All the branches of the trees were entire; and the hazel bushes had on them *nuts*, which seemed to have arrived to perfection, and which points

out the season of the year when this event happened. Amongst the underwood was found a large pair of stag's (or I rather believe *elk's*) horns, with the skeleton of the animal; and what is still more extraordinary (and the author thinks he is correct in his recollection) *under* this forest, was a second stratum of sea beach and mud. In the latter was discovered the skeletons of a man and a dog; the man held in his hand one of those brazen weapons commonly called celts. Besides what has been said above, the ruptures so frequently found in our lodes are sufficient evidence, that a very considerable sinking of the earth has at some remote period taken place. And, if it is not hazarding too vague a conjecture, may not this tradition, and the supposed fabulous account of the destruction of the Island of Atalantis, allude to one and the same event?

NOTE (M.)

" Of Tristram British Arthur's valrous knight," &c.

One of the old romances translated from the French, and intituled, " The Lyf of King Arthur, of the noble knights of the round table, and in the end the dolourous deth of them all," says, " there was a knight, Melioda, (Meliogras) and he was lord and king of the country of Liones, and he wedded king Marka's sister, of Cornwaille." The issue of which marriage, we are afterwards told, was Sir Tristram. (Book II. chap. 1.) From this fabulous history Spencer has borrowed many of his names, viz. *Sir Tristram*, &c. as to Sir Tristram, he has copied from this book the circumstances of his birth and education, with much exactness; he informs us that Tristram was born in Cornwall:—

" And Tristram is my name, the only heir
" Of good king Meliogras, which did raigne
" In Cornwaile." ——— FAIRY QUEEN.

And afterwards,

——" The countrie wherein I was bred,
" The which the fertile Liones is hight.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Milton manifestly hints at it in the following lines:—

———" Damsels met in forests wide,
" By knights of Logris and of Liones,
" Lancelot, Pelleas or Pellanore."

These are, Sir Lancelot (or Sir Meliot of Logris) Sir Tristram of Lionee, and king Pellanore, who are often mentioned in Morte Arthur, and are represented as meeting beautiful damsels in desolate forests.

WHARTON'S Obser. on the Fairy Queen of Spencer.

NOTE (N.)

——— "*The barren Cassiterides.*"

These islands (says Bochart) were either called so from the Greek word Κασσιτερον, *tin*, or, (it being confessed that both the Chaldeans and Arabians, call *tin* by a name of the like sound) so named by the Phenicians themselves, which I must observe, is so much the more probable, because we find those islands called Cassiterides long before either the Grecians traded there, or knew where they lay; for Herodotus (440 years before Christ) said he knew nothing of the islands of Cassiterides from whence their tin came." It is supposed that though the name of Cassiterides is more particularly applied to the islands of Scilly, yet, that the antients included the western shores of Cornwall under that appellation, for though Strabo says "the Phenicians had their treasures of tin from those islands, and were so jealous of their trade there, that a Phenician vessel seeing itself pursued by a Roman galley, chose to run on a shoal and suffer shipwreck rather than betray the course she was steering." Yet the islands themselves could have supplied but a very

small quantity of tin both from their inconsiderable extent and the little appearances of old works.

NOTE (o.)

" *She sees the moon,*" &c.

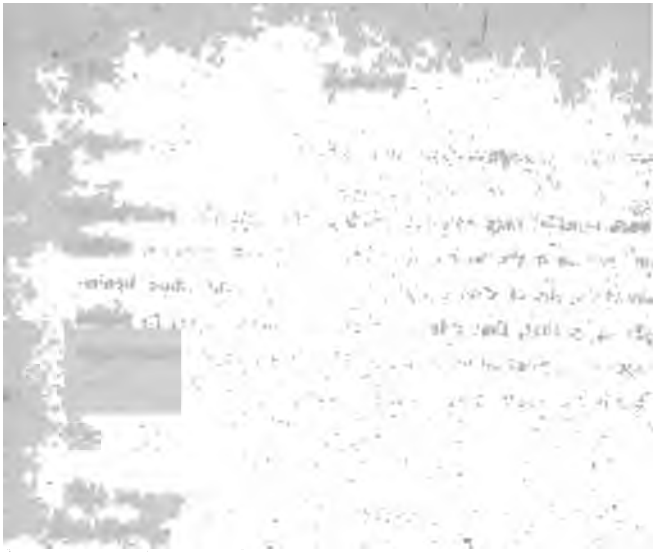
The moon is supposed to have an atmosphere very rare, or at least not of so gross a nature as that which surrounds the earth, consequently it cannot be liable to such storms and rains. That it is never obscured by clouds is plain, or we should not at all times be able to discover the moon's face; but what the nature of that atmosphere is, we must of course remain ignorant of, though it is hoped that it is not too great a *poetical licence* to suppose it *pure oxigene air*; and that the inhabitants are a superior order of beings. The moon has scarce any change of season, her axis being nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic. Our earth is to her a moon, but being fourteen times as big, it must of consequence afford a greater degree of light in proportion. The earth having an atmosphere, at most times diversified with clouds, her appearance to the inhabitants of the

moon must be very variable and beautiful. As the moon turns on her axis in the same space of time in which she moves round the earth, she of course always presents to it the same hemisphere, so that, that side of the moon is never dark, its nights enjoying perpetual moon light. Her day and night taken together is the length of our lunar month.

NOTE (P.)

" To where the sun," &c.

Although, from its great distance, the sun appears to us not much larger than the moon, it in fact exceeds it in magnitude 19,495,000 times. Doctor Herschel is of opinion, that the sun is a most magnificent habitable globe, surrounded by a double set of clouds, that those which are nearest to its opaque body are less bright than those of the outer stratum, which form the luminous apparent globe we behold; that this external matter is of a phosphoric nature, having several accidental openings in it, through which we see the sun's body, and that those openings form the spots which are occasionally seen on the sun.



TREGEAGLE;

OR,

DOZMARÊ POOLE.

AN AUNCIENTE CORNISHE LEGENDE.

IN TWO PARTES.

TREGEAGLE;

OR,

DOZMARÊ POOLE.

ABOUT two or three miles to the right of the road from Bodmin to Launceston, over the Temple Moors, (the most wild and dreary scene in Cornwall) lies Dozmarê Pool, which is in part visible from the road. This lake, which is about a mile in circumference, surrounded with barren heaths and desolate moors, seems to be merely an accumulation of rain water, for it does not appear to be supplied by any visible spring, nor has it any apparent outlet. It is said by the country people to ebb and flow, but this is only the case as it happens to be more or less supplied by the rains.

There is a popular story attached to this lake, [ridiculous enough, as most of those tales are. It is, that a person of the name of Tregeagle, who had been a rich and powerful man, but

very wicked, guilty of murder and other heinous crimes, lived near this place; and, that after his death his spirit haunted the neighbourhood, but was at length exorcised and laid to rest in Dozmarè Pool. But having in his lifetime, in order to enjoy the good things of this world, disposed of his soul and body to the devil. His infernal majesty takes great pleasure in tormenting him, by imposing on him difficult tasks; such as, spinning a rope of sand, dipping out the pool with a limpet shell, &c. and at times amuses himself with hunting him over the moors with his hell hounds, at which time Tregeagle is heard to howl and roar in a most dreadful manner, so that, "*roaring or howling like Tregeagle,*" is a common expression amongst the vulgar in Cornwall. Such is the foundation on which is built the following Tale. The author has given it an antient dress as best suited to the subject.

TREGEAGLE.

PARTE THE FIRSTE.

I.

In Cornwaile's fam'd land, bye the poole on the moore,
Tregeagle the wickede did dwelle;
He once was a shepherde contented and poore;
But growing ambytious and wishing for more,
Sad fortune the shepherde befelle.

2.

One nyghte, all alone as he crost the wylde heathe
To drive his scant flocke to the folde,
All nature was stille, the wynds scarcely breathe
O'er the moone silver'd hilles and the vallies beneath,
As he cast his eye over the wolde.

3.

"Ah! why shoulde I live bye hard labouré"—quothe he,
"And be helde bye the riche in dysdayne!
"I wish"—quothe TREGEAGLE—"for all that I see,
"Oh then what a happye greate man I shoulde be!
"When lorde of extensive domaine."

4.

Nowe scarce had he utter'd hys impious breath,
When the wolves they howl'd wildlye and loude;
The wyndes sadly syghing swept over the heath,
As nature awoke fromе the stylness of deathe;
And the moone hyd her head in a cloude.

5.

When suddaine he saw, midst the gloome of the nyghte,
A figure gygantick advance;
His hayre bristled up as he view'd the felle SPRYTE,
Who seemed in form to be armed as a knyghte,
And he wielded an ebonye lance.

6.

All blacke was the gaunte steede on whych he dyd ryde;
A sable plume shadow'd his heade;
And blacke was his armoure, wyth bloode all bedy'de;
And blacke was the bugle that hung bye hys syde,
Which no mortale mighte hear without dreade.

7.

Two dogges fierce and felle, and whych never knew feare,
Did run hys fleete courser before;
Their forms were all hydeous, and grislye their haire,
And thro' their lanke sydes their sharpe ribs did appeare,
And their mouthes were stille dripping with gore.

8.

Then thus spake TREGEAGLE—" who arte thou Syr
KNYGHTE?
" And where at this tyme dost thou wende?
" Ah, why dost thou wander alone thro' the nyghte?
" And why dost thou harrowe my soule wyth affryghte?
" Or what does thy coming portende?"

9.

The KNYGHTE nothing spake, but he leap'd wyth a bound
From offe hys hyghe steede (with a frowne)
And as he alitte on the tremblinge grounde,
His armoure clank'd hollowe, a terrible sounde,
And at length, thus he spake to the Clowne.

10.

" Say what dydst thou wysh for thou trembllinge knave?
" But thy wyshes are known unto mee;
" I give my consent then, if thou arte my slave;
" Longe life to enjoye too, thy wysh thou shalt have,
" And an hundrede years give I to thee.

11.

" I'll builde thee a castle, soe fair and soe fyne,
" Arounde it green forrests I'll reare,
" And vassals and serving men too shall bee thyne;
" And thy halle all wyth golde and wyth sylver shall shyne,
" And wyth *Syr* shall bee greeted thyne eare.

12.

" And when thy longe terme shall be passed awaye,
" At thy lot wilt thou never repine?
" And wilt thou be ready the boone to repaye?
" Speake boldlye, TREGEAGLE! pray what doste thou saye?
" Shalle thy soule and thy bodye be mine?"

13.

" A bargaine! a bargaine!" then said he aloude,
" At my lot I wille never repyne:
" I sweare to observe it, I sweare bye the roode,
" And am readye to seale and to sygne withe my bloode:
" Both my soule and my bodye are thyne."

14.

The SPRYTE grinn'd soe horrid, and said—" that wille bynde
" Bothe thy soule and thy bodye my righte :"
Then mounting his courser as fleete as the wynde;
And whilst his grymme hell houndes ran yelpinge behinde,
He was loste in the gloome of the nyghte.

15.

Oh, then hys dreade bugle he wynded soe shrille,
Soe as all mortale ears to astounde;
The vallies all trembled, and shooke was eache hylle,
The wolves ceas'd to howle, and wyth terrour lay stylle,
Whyle TREGEAGLE felle flat on the grounde.

16.

There in a deade sleepe all intranced he laye,
Spelle bounde bye the arte of the SPRYGHTE;
Nor awake untill MORNE in her mantel of graye,
With ruddy handes open'd the portalles of day,
And dispell'd the darke mysts of the nyghte.

17

Then upsprange TREGEAGLE no longer a clowne,
But cloathed in gorgeous attyre;
And proud wavinge forrests the hylls all dyd crowne,
Whych erst was a bare and a barren bleake downe,
And much dyd TREGEAGLE admire.

18.

Where Dozmare Lake its darke waters did roll,
A castle nowe reared its heade,
Wythe manye a turrete soe statelye and talle,
And manye a warden dyd walke on its walle,
All splendidly cloathed in rede.

19.

And manye a vassale dyd hayle hym "Syr Knighte,"
And doffinge theire caps bowed lowe;
And muche Syr Tregeagle was pleas'd wythe the syghte,
While inwardlye swellinge wyth pryde and delyghte,
He into hys castle dyd goe.

20.

Then proudlye advauncinge he enter'd the halle
With golde and with sylver bedyghte;
Frome the loftye roofe manye gaye banners dyd falle,
And bryghte suites of armoure did hange on eache walle,
Was ever so gorgeous a syghte!

21.

And there the gaye servinge men bowinge profounde,
Obsequious dyd waite hys commande;
And manye faire damsels dyd stande hym arounde,
Who modestlye bent theire bryghte eyes to the grounde;
Ah, who coulde such beautye wythstande!

22.

The MYNSTREL sweete musyck drewe forth from hys lyre,
Whych ravysh'd the soule with delyghte;
The KNYGHTE treads on aire and his soule is on fyre,
And much he the skylle of the Harper admyres,
For he sunge forthe the prayse of the KNYGHTE.

23.

And manye a steed in hys stables were seene,
All fitted for chace or for warre;
Withe manye bolde HUNTESMEN all cloathed in greene,
At their sydes hunge theire bugles of sylver soe sheene,
Whych runge thro' the forrests a-farre.

24.

Nowe oft woulde the KNYGHTE, on his courser soe faire,
Followe swifte the fleete houndes and the horne,
To rouse the grymme wolfe frome hys secrete laire,
Or pursue the lyghte bounds of the tremblynge deere,
As he brush'd the bryghte dewes of the morne.

25.

But tyme flew awaye wyth the wyndes winged speede,
TREGEAGLE ne'er notyc'd its flyghte;
But he marked each daye wyth some damnable deede,
Some mansyon muste burne or some traveller bleede,
Or hatefulle that daye toe hys syghte.

26.

It chaunced one evenynge as homewarde he wendes,
Deepe mutter'd the HAGG OF THE STORME,
Earthe trembles, as boundynge the skyes she ascendes,
The welkyn acrosse her blacke wynges she extendes,
And nature wyth darkness deformes.

27.

And nowe the bolde HUNTERS they stoode all aghaste,
Theire stoute heartes wyth feare overaw'd;
The rede lyghtnings glared, the rayne pour'd faste,
And loude howl'd the DEMONS that rode on the blaste,
And TERROUR the tempeste bestrode!

28.

When swyfte frome the woode, and all wylde wyth affryghte,
A DAMSELE advauncyng they spyed;
All whyte were her garments, her palfrye was whyte,
Wyth sylver and golde, and wyth jeweles bedyghte,
And a little PAGE rode bye her syde.

29.

"Oh, save me! Oh, save me! SYR KNYGHTE"—then she say'd,
"Oh, let me thy succoure obtaine!
"Ah, where from the storme shall I shelter my heade?
"My spirits are synkyng with horrour and dreade,
"And my garments are drenched wyth rayne.

30.

" My poor little PAGE too, wyth terroure dothe quake,
" Tho' ne'er little PAGE was more bolde:"——
" Ah, Mistress deare, I woulde dye for youre sake!
" It is not wyth feare that I shiver and shake,
" But I shake wyth the wet and the colde."

31.

" See yon'," sayd the KNYGHTE, " where mye castle dothe reare,
" Thyther hasten faire ladye wyth me,
" And there we all soone will thy little PAGE cheere;
" Brighte damsels I've manye all modeste and faire,
" Sweete Ladye to waite upon thee."

32.

Nowe quickly they rode—and the drawe bridge let
downe,
They into the castle repayre;
And cheerfulle the fyres nowe blaz'd in the halle;
TREGEAGLE aloude for hys Damsels dyd calle,
Hys Damsels soe lovelye and faire.

33.

Some wayte on the Lady, some kyndlye are led
To make the younge URCHYN their care;
Where lovelye he sat wyth his cheeks rosye rede;
And lyke a wet rosebude, he hunge downe hys heade,
Whyle they wrunge forthe the rayne from hys haire.

34.

" Nowe saye little PAGE," said a DAMSEL soe mylde,
" And quicklye unto us declare,
" Why thro' the darke forreste soe savage and wylde,
" Thou rangedst at nyghte, who art yet but a chylde?
" And who is thy Lady soe faire?"

35.

" Her father's EARL CORNWAILE—I weene that hys name,
" Can never sounde straunge to youre eare;
" For large hys possessyons and wyde is hys fame,
" And I am her Page, and ROBERTO's mye name,
" And they call her GOONHYLDA the fair."

36.

" Thys mornynge, frome DUNEVYD CASTLE * soe stronge,
" We came forthe, e'er the sunn shew'd hys face;
" For she loves wyth her trayne the greene forrests amonge,
" To rouse the fleete deere, and the vallies alonge
" To pursue, the keene joyes of the chase.

37.

" To daye, we left all oure companyons behynde,
" And involv'd in the mysts of the hylle;
" To trace backe oure steps we in vaine were inclyn'd,
" When the shoutes of the Hunters we hearde in the wynde,
" And the bugle blewe cleerlye and shrylle.

* Launceston Castle.

38.

"Then we hytherwarde sped, all deceyv'd bye the sounde,
"In hopes oure companyons to fynde;
"When the howlinge storme shooke the vast forreste arounde,
"From the rayne we soughte shelter but none coulde be founde,
"Till we met wyth youre master soe kynde."

39.

Then GOONHYLDA came forth—lyke a beautiful flower,
And all in fresh garments array'd;
She seem'd a tall lyllye, refresh'd by a shower,
TREGEAGLE he gazed, for ne'er 'till that houre
Had he seene such a beautiful Mayde.

40.

" Thankes gentle Syr Knyghte," sayd Goonhylda the fair,
" While modestye mantl'd her cheeke,
" Your guests for the nyghte we must be, Syr, I fear,
" Whylst mye father a preye to sad griefe and despayre,
" In vaine hys Goqnhylda wyll seek."

41.

" I am proud of my gueste," Syr Tregeagle reply'd,
" And praye fairest Ladye don't grieve;
" A messengere quicke to youre fathere shall ryde.
" To tell hym noe ill does hys daughter betyde,
" And hys breast frome its terroure relieve."

42.

Whyle thus wyth faire speeches soe courteous and kynde,
Hymselfe to the Mayde he address'd;
To gloome, and to thoughtfulness seem'd much inclyn'd,
And, if that the countenance speaketh the mynde,
Darke deedes he revolv'd in hys breaste.

TREGEAGLE.

PART THE SECOND.

1.

WHYLE sweete slept GOONHYLDA, of beautye the pryde,
The EARLE was absorbed in griefe; . . . . . .
For no messengere fleete to hys castle dyd ryde,
To saye, that no ill dyd hys darlynge betyde,
And to gyue hys fond bosome reliefe.

2.

All nyghte hys lone chambere, he pac'd to and fro;
As he lysten'd, no sounde coulde he heare,
But the blaste whych against hys darke wyndowes dyd blowe,
Hys aged breaste heaved wyth sorrowe and woe,
Till he saw the greye mornyng appear.

3.

Wyth hys knyghtes, and esquyres, and servying men all,
Then forthe frome hys castle dyd ryde;
Midst the forreste soe wylde on GOONHYLDA did call,
But dyre forebodings hys hearte dyd appalle,
When noughte but the echoes reply'd.

4.

At length to the plaine he emerg'd from the woode ;
For a father, alas, what a syghte !
There laye her fayre garments all drenched in bloode :
Her palfrye all torne in the darke crymsone floode,
Bye the rav'nous beasts of the nyghte.

5.

Soft eyed PYTYE descende o'er the heart rending syghte,
Be wydely extended thy veyle ;
For I weene it is past learned Clerke to indyghte,
Or the pen or the pencile, to paynte or to wryte,
What a fond tender father muste feele.

6.

And nowe let's returne to that Traytour soe vyle,
Darke projects revolv'd in hys breaste,
Whylst hys hearte was envelop'd in fraude and in guyle,
He borrowed kynde HOSPYTALITIE's smyle,
And thus he GOONHYLDA address'd :—

7.

" Fair Mayden, than floweres the fairest most fayre ;
" Of demeanoure soe modeste and sweete ;
" O say ! may a Knyghte of possessyons so rare !
" Presume, that both they, and hymselfe, to declare,
" Deare Layde, are caste at youre feete."

8.

Wythe a blushe on her cheeke, then GOONHYLDA reply'd,
" I ill shoulde youre kindness requyte,
" Shoulde I treate you, SYR KNYGHTE, or wyth scorn or
wyth pryde,
" Or the state of my hearte shoulde I stryve, Sir, to hyde,
" I'm alreadye betroth'd to a knyghte.

9.

" Now faire is the daye, and refulgente the morne;
" And fayne woulde I haste to departe;
" That no longer my fonde partiale father may mourne,
" And no longer in vayne wayte GOONHYLDA's retourne,
" Whose absence muste wrynge hys kynde hearte."

10.

The Knyghte smylde insidious—and bente hys darke browe:

"Faire Ladye you cannot goe hence:

"There are robbers abroade in the forreste I trowe;

"Besides, my sweete Damsele I boldlye avowe,

"Wyth youre presence I cannot dyspence."

11.

"Then am I a pris'ner?"—GOONHYLDA reply'd—

(Indignante beholdynge the Knyghte)

"But soone shall the strength of thy castle be try'd

"And thynkest thou longe fromne EARLE CORNWAILE to hyde,

"A daughtere hys pryde and delyghte."

12.

" Ah, vaine expectatione, fayre Ladye!" he sayd,
" Thy father hopes not thy retourne;
" Alreadye he thynkes, that thy bloode has been shed
" Bye the beastes of the forreste; and thynkyng thee deade,
" He is gone to hys castle to mourne."

13.

Nowe little ROBERTO, tho' fewe were hys yeares,
Yet cunning and shrewde was the boye;
Where he sat in a corner, thys speech overheares,
And faythfulle as swyfte to the stable repayres,
And seyzes hys courser wyth joye.

14.

From the castle he steals, and the forreste he gaynes,
Resolv'd to averte her sad fate:
Nowe spurring, and gyvyng his fleete horse the reines,
Ere the soft tears of evenyng had spangled the plaines,
Blewe hys horne at DUNEVED's high gate.

15.

"Oh, hasten EARLE CORNWAILE! oh, hasten!" he cryd,
"Thy peerless GOONHYLDA's in thralle;
"Bye a recreante Knyghte is thy powere defy'd!
"Bye force SYR TREGEAGLE woulde make her hys bryde!
"And he keepes her wythin hys stronge walle!"

16.

" For thy newes, little ROBERT, oh, faire thee befalle,
" Tho' bitter and sweete, little Page,
" Mye GOONHYLDA then lives! tho' a traytoure inthralls,
" But soone wyll I thundere arounde hys stronge walles,
" The caytiffe I burne to engage!"

17.

Then he drewe forth hys horsemen soe valyaunte and bolde;
" And gyve me my armoure," he said,
" My frame can sustayne it, tho' wythered and olde,
" And my hande in its graspe, stylle the faulchyon can holde,
" When a Daughtere's cause calls for its ayde.

18.

" To horse little ROBERT! to horse againe flye!
" Tho' tyred thou sorelye muste be;
" But I knowe for thy Mystress thou'dst readylye dye,
" And for thy rewarde I will make thee bye 'nd bye,
" A Squyre of highest degree."

19.

Nowe thro' the darke nyghte, over forreste and moore,
They bye theyre fleete coursers are borne;
While little ROBERTO rode blythsome before,
And ere the greye morn peep'd the easterne hills o'er,
At TREGEAGLE's gate sounded hys horne.

20.

All is silente wythin, and the stillness of deathe
The darke frowning toweres surroundes;
When they heard, and eache—listenyng suspended his breath,
They heard the shrylle blaste from the farre dystaunte heath!
Whych the eares of all mortals confounds!

21.

They hearde the BLACKE HUNTER! and dreade shooke each mynde,
Heartes sanke that had never knowne feare:
They hearde the BLACKE HUNTER's dreade voyce in the wynde!
They hearde hys curste hell-houndes runn yelpyng behynde,
And his steede thundered loude on the eare!

22.

And nowe he appear'd thro' the gloome of the nyghte;
Hys plume, seem'd a cloude in the skyes;
His forme the darke mists of the hylles to the syghte;
And as from a furnace shootes forth the rede lyghte,
Soe glared the fierce beams of hys eyes!

23.

He blewe from hys bugle soe dreadeful a blaste,
Hys dogges howlyng hydeous the whyle,
That all NATURE trembled and shooke as aghaste!
And from the hygh walles the huge battlementes braste!
Fell downe from the totteryng pyle.

24.

" Come forth Syr Tregeagle!"—in thundere, he cried,
" Come forth, and submit to thy fate!
" Thy tyme is expyred!—to me thou arte tyde!
" Wythyn thy dark castle in vayne thou wouldst hyde:
" Come forth! for here endeth thy date!"

25.

Then forth came Tregeagle all palayed with fear,
And fayne woulde more favoure have founde;
But loude roar'd the thundere, and swyfte thro' the ayre
The rede bolte of vengeaunce shot forth wyth a glare,
And strooke hym a corpse to the grounde!

30.

And stylle, as the Trav'lere pursues hys lone waye
In horroure, at nyghte o'er the waste,
He heares Syr Tregeagle wyth shriekes rushe awaye,
He heares the Blacke Hunter pursuing hys preye,
And shrynkes at hys bugle's dreade blaste.

THE ENDE.

28.

And neare its dreare margyn a Mayden was seene,
Unhurted! GOONHYLDA the fayre;
For stylle GUARDYAN ANGELS dyd keepe her I weene,
And neare her gay palfrye in trappyngs soe sheene,
Whych late torne by wolves dyd appeare.

29.

EARLE CORNWAILE rejoycyng, now thanked that powere
That dyd hys GOONHYLDA restore;
And ofte hys olde MYNSTRELLE, at Eve's sober houre,
Beneath the darke walles of DUNEVYD's greye towere,
Sunge the Tale of THE POOLE ON THE MOORE.

NO TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

A TALE.

A Cornish Miner, high in wrestling fame,
And Thomas Triggyniggy was his name.
To London city Tom would fain be packing;
In hardy enterprise no lad was bolder;
He threw his trusty staff across his shoulder,
And hung his *wardrobe* on it in a *nackin.**

The journey was a long one to be sure;
But Tom was hardy and could much endure:
And so he was resolv'd to have's end,
And undermine the Thames, at Gravesend:

* Handkerchief.

That *deep-laid* scheme which Cockney artists gravels :
So vent'rous Tom set out upon his travels.

The weary way he cheer'd with many a song;
Or whistled careless as he jogg'd along :
Till he the mighty City 'gan approach ;
But now he ceas'd to be so cheery,
The night was dark and Tom was weary;

When soon he saw and loudly hail'd a coach :
" Hoa!—Maister Coachman, have'e room for me;
" Can'st taak a body in that's mighty tired."
" Yes"—replied Coachee—" I have *only three:*"
The price agreed for, soon the place was hired.
'Twas pitchy dark, Tom could not see a face ;
But 'twixt two *passengers* he took his place.

Tom was a social fellow—lov'd to chatter,
And what the subject was, was no great matter;
" Eh, golls!" says Tom, " in such a night as this,
" This warm *frieze-coat* of yours is not amiss,
" Be sleaping Maister—may I be so bold?"
Tom shook him, but he only growl'd.

A man who sat Tom's vis-a-vis,
Now spoke—" Why look ye, Sir d'ye see,
" That *Gem'man* there, must needs be dumb,
" Because from Russia he's but lately come,
" And cannot talk our English *lingo:*
" I am the Tutor, Sir, to that young lad,
" The Russian's Nephew, and sure man ne'er had
" A wickeder young rogue to teach, by *jingo.*"

" Why, Sir," says Tom, " 'tis my belief,
" The Nephew is a little thief;
" Ave *stoal'd* away my *tatey pasty;* *
" *Sich* tricks in *jungsters,* Sir, be nasty;
" And *ef* a *worn't* a *cheeld,* as I may saay,
" Id throw *mun* out of *winder* in the *waay.*"
But now the crazy vehicle stood still,
Whilst Coachee turn'd about,
And begg'd the *Gem'men* to get out,
And ease his tired cattle up the hill:
No sooner said than done,
Each descended—one and one.

And now along the road they're walking,
Of this, and that thing, busy talking;

* Potatoe pasty.

Tom felt his Cornish spirits rising,
Spoke of his wrestling as surprising.
The other cried—" if *that's your sort,*
" My Russian friend can *show you sport;*
" He practises the *Cornish hug;*
" Knows skilful how *to turn to hip;**
" Giving your heels the cleanest trip,
" Will lay you on your back so snug."
" Will 'a?" quoth Tom, " *ef,* Sir, you'l *caal*
" And make the Coachman stop—we'll *try a faal;*
" For tho' 'tis dark and we can't see,
" Yet 'tis as *vair* for him as me."

Now matters being settl'd thus,
Thomas approach'd the rugged Russ;

* A term made use of amongst wrestlers.

Who seiz'd him quickly round the waist,
And grip'd him hard and held him fast;
Both came together to the ground,
Away they roll'd with many a bound,
Down o'er a pretty steep declivity;
While the sly Turos scamper'd after,
Ready to burst his sides with laughter.
And had he not with great activity
Step'd to their aid and timely stop'd 'em,
Into a gravel pit they'd pop'd 'em.
He rais'd our hero from the ground;
And—"hop'd, his friend—the Russian there,"
(Making a formal bow profound)
"Had, like a *Gen'man, play'd him fair*.
"Why,—in his way—I must allow
"The Gentleman play'd *vair* quow;

" But, lord!—*sich* strength before I never *feel'd*;

" Why, es a *Liant!!**

" A hugg'd me up—as *thof wor a cheeld,*

" And he a *Giant!!*

But now the day began to dawn,

And gild the dew drops on the lawn;

When Tom look'd round ~~him~~ with staring eyes

Expressing wonder and surprise;

Saying—" *kind* Gentlemen I thonk ye;

For now did Thomas see most clear,

His late antagonist——a Bear!

The Pickpocket——a Monkey!

" Tricks upon Travellers"—" wont do for me!

" So now, my friend, I'll *have a bout with thee.*"

* Lion.

Then seiz'd the BEAR-WARD by the middle,
As tho' no heavier than his fiddle:
" D'ye sarve me so you son o' bitch!"
Then giving him *the flying mare,**
And raising off the ground quite clear,
He sous'd him in a muddy ditch.

" Lie there," quoth TOM, " you fiddling lout,
" Your RUSSIAN FRIEND may help you out;
" And *larn* henceforth that *Lunnun* jokes,
" Are dangerous things with Cornish folks.

* A wrestling term.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

AND

THE OLD WOMAN.

A TALE.

Now once upon a time, 'tis said,
Great Newton took it in his head,
That head so learn'd in Nature's great economy,
To teach— oh, task how very hard!
(Tasks few Philosophers regard)
To teach an obstinate old Dame astronomy.

The SAGE he talk'd and shew'd such knowledge,
As now, would serve to endow a college;
How from all powerful hand divine were hurl'd
To roll in space, each circling sphere,
Which *specks* to mortal eyes appear,
Were each, O thought sublime! a peopled world!

"*Worlds!*" cried the Dame,—"don't tell me so,
"When I already better know:
"*Worlds!* how you talk!—why, do look up and view them:
No—those bright stars—which shine so high,
"Are holes, friend ISAAC, in the sky,
"And God's bright glory shining on us through them."

" True"—said the sage,—" my good old soul,
" His glory shines all thro' the whole:
" His mighty works omnipotent evince him."
" *Shines thro' the hole!*—ho then, I find
" Th' astronomer is not so blind
" But *good sound reason* will at length convince him."

He, who weigh'd worlds, and nobly scann'd
What th' architect divine had plann'd,
And in deep learning second was to no man,
Gave up, as task too hard, to teach,
And ev'n beyond a NEWTON's reach!
An obstinate and over-wise old woman.

GRATITUDE;

OR,

THE FARMER AND HIS ASS.

A TALE.

As Farmer Plough, an honest soul,
Was digging in his field a hole;—
A grave, to bury a dead ass in,
It chanc'd his neighbour Grub was passing:
"Adzooks"—cried Grub—"what's happen'd now,
"Digging *yourself* good master Plough!

" Are times so hard that *you* go to it!
" I'm sure you've men enough to do it:"
" True neighbour—but I work to day
" A debt of GRATITUDE to pay,
" To bury—that *departed Friend*."
GRUB stared but could not comprehend:
" Departed friend!—what that dead ass!"
" Aye, as true friend as ever was;
" But you shall judge, if yon poor slave
" Claims from his master's hand a grave.
" Scarcely I sixteen years had told,
" When my last Parent, poor and old,
" Sunk on Life's ocean rough and stormy;
" And left me—with the world before me.
Our VICAR, then our boast and pride,
Sent for me to his fire side,

Said he—" Good boy, pray dry thine eye;
" This truth you know—we all must die.—
(His daughter MARY heav'd a sigh)
" I am not rich, but whilst I live
" I hope for something still to give,
" Still be my children call'd, the Poor,
" Who claim a portion of my store.
" Observe, son GILES, yon little ass,
" That 'neath my window crops the grass,
" My daughter's pet,—we freely give,
" With him and Industry you'll thrive.
" For learn this truth, my youthful neighbour,
" *That man and beast are born to labour.*
" O'erload thou not his tender years;
" Nor heap unnecessary cares:

" For as thou merciful shall be
" So God will mercy show to thee.
" Here's twenty shillings,—go and buy
" Some goods—at fairs thy fortune try.
" And GILES! whatever be thy failings,
" *Be fair and honest in thy dealings:*
" And then should fortune prove unkind,
" In me a constant friend you'll find."—
" Deep sunk his words into my heart;
" With youthful NEDDY I depart;
" I quickly purchase various wares,
" And trudge to markets, wakes, and fairs.
" Was there in fifty miles a town
" Where Giles and Neddy were not known?
" As by degrees increase my means,
" By daily cares increase my gains.

" None but my ribbons please the lasses;
" The old see best thro' Giles's glasses.
" In summer's heat with many a load,
" And winter's cold, we trudg'd the road.
" Together work'd, together fed;
" He earn'd and shar'd my daily bread.
" Now Heav'n still blest our joint endeavours,
" And daily show'r'd down its favours;
" For when one year away had roll'd,
" We'd earn'd ten guineas—all in gold!
" Year after year thus on we toil'd;
" On GILES and NED still Fortune smil'd.
" A cot I purchase snug and warm,
" And round it rose a little farm.
" The scene is chang'd—no longer now
" The PEDLER GILES, but FARMER PLOUGH.

" Two sturdy oxen turn the soil,
" Whilst NEDDY leads them in the toil.
" Light is his task, nor I refuse
" My richest pastures to his use.
" In GRATITUDE to Heav'n I bend;
" Nor e'er neglect my early FRIEND.
" Year after year I richer grow;
" My num'rous herds around me low;
" On many a fair and fertile plain,
" Wav'd to the breeze my golden grain.
" When our good VICAR " *sought that bourn*
" *From whence no travellers return,*"—
" His daughter left in want to mourn;
" I wish'd to sooth the ORPHAN's sigh,
" And wipe the tear from SORROW's eye.

" With this intent I sought the Maid,
" And NEDDY in my hand I lead,
" Madam, said I, (in my blunt way)
" We're come our honest debts to pay."
—" Debts! my good friend—you nothing owe!"
—" Remember—twenty years ago,
" (*I*, Madam, ha'nt forgot it yet)
" You lent me this your little Pet;
" By his joint labour and my own,
" From poor to rich, GILES PLOUGH has grown.
" I now return the Ass to you;
" And with him half my wealth—his due,
" Nor as a *gift* presume to give it,
" But as your own you will receive it.
" Pleas'd, thro' her tears the Maiden smiles;
" But still she said—ah no, friend GILES,

" I can't consent to take from thee,
" The fair reward of industry."—
" Was not the seed first sown by you?
" Soon to a stately tree it grew;
" When piercing winds or heats invade,
" Shall it not shelter you or shade!
" Then tell me, MARY, tell me whether
" You'll NEDDY take and GILES together?
" She blush'd—but now to end my tale
" In time I happily prevail.
" Thus NEDDY was my friend thro' life,
" Blest me with *riches* and a *wife*;
" At length, poor beast! with years opprest
" He lies—where even asses rest.

INGRATITUDE;

OR,

THE SQUIRE AND HIS RACE HORSE.

A TALE.

Who has not heard, both far and near,
Of Matchless, Squander's famous mare?
I had the tale from Will the groom,
(A better never wielded comb)
A shrewd yet tender-hearted fellow;
Tho' oft he'd get a little mellow,
When talking of his favourite mare,
Next to his wife and children dear.

The tale he told with many a sigh,
And oft the tear bedimm'd his eye.
In his own simple language take it,
No better can your Poet make it.

" Those bones were her's beside the way,
" O'er which I wept full many a day;
" Sure Heav'n ne'er form'd a lovelier creature,
" MATCHLESS she was by name and nature.
" Her dam of high Arabian breed,
" Renown'd for beauty as for speed.
" ECLIPSE—the famous was her sire:
" Goes SANCHO or PAVILION higher?
" In every limb true beauty shin'd,
" And with her beauty, strength combin'd.

" As black as sloe ; as soft as down ;

" And sleek as madam's sattin gown ;

" In courage she was high as may be ;

" Yet tractable as any baby ;

" An infant would not fear to ride her,

" For with a pack-thread you might guide her.

" In every race I rode her still ;

" For Master trusted none but WILL.

" On every course she won the day,

" And MATCHLESS bore the bell away !

" On silver cups her figure shone,

" Beneath whose weight the side boards groan.

" At length so high was her renown,

" That it was said *they'd cry her down.*

" When lo !—upon NEWMARKET course,

" FLIER appear'd, a noble horse !

" A match for her by many reckon'd,
" In truth to MATCHLESS only second.
" That day my Master betted free;
" For well he knew his mare and me.
" In confidence he knew no bounds,
" His bet was Twenty thousand pounds!
" Then off we went the four mile heat,
" And without pushing MATCHLESS beat;
" Nor whip nor spur did she require:
" Nor far behind in truth was FLIER.
" Now for the second heat prepar'd,
" My heart with certain conquest cheer'd,
" We start—I lead—for yet no horse
" Had pass'd my MATCHLESS on the course.
" Swift as a dart we cut the wind,
" Whilst FLIER thunders close behind;

" But as we near'd the winning-post,
" I really thought that all was lost;
" Still on my heart I feel the stroke,
" For down at once poor MATCHLESS broke.
" When springing forth with all her strength,
" She won the heat by *half a length.*
" With many a sigh and many a tear,
" I homeward lead the limping mare;
" Not useless yet from this disaster,
" For many a foal she brought my Master.
" At length, poor MATCHLESS! weak and old,
" Was by ungrateful SQUANDER sold
" For forty shillings, down in hand,
" To hobbling DICK to carry sand.
" In greedy fist I saw him lock it,
" Then blush and steal it to his pocket.

" I left his service—could I bear
" The man who sold his faithful mare?"
Who but approves WILL's honest heart,
That bade him from the ingrate part;
For on this truth may all depend,
A GAMBLER *ne'er can be a friend:*
Profuse at times, yet on the whole
'Tis Av'rice sways his sordid soul.

But WILL went on—" a year or two
" Of toil and poverty she knew.
" Oft as she pass'd his well known gate,
" Press'd with the galling grievous weight,
" I've seen her turn her mournful eye,
" And heave the deep reproachful sigh.
" At times, indeed, she spurn'd the load,
" When cruel DICK would whip and goad;

" And spirit is possess'd by few,
" That stripes and hunger won't subdue.
" At length life's weary journey o'er,
" 'Twas here she sunk to rise no more!
" And ere her limbs in death were cold,
" Her skin was stript by DICK and sold.
" But, Sir," said WILL, " I now will tell
" What since the cruel Squire befel;
" Who from the day he sold his mare,
" Seem'd gloomy and oppress'd with care.
" Ill-luck the ingrateful will befall;
" And all went wrong at SQUANDER HALL.
" Fortune the wretched man forsakes;
" No longer now he wins the stakes.
" Desperate, he tries the cards and dice,
" And plunges deeper in the vice.

" MISFORTUNE at his elbow stands;
" And trumps don't win in Squander's hands.
" Down come his woods; his lands and manors
" Are sold to grocers, butchers, tanners.
" His stud beneath the hammer falls,
" At ALDRIDGE'S or TATTERSALL'S.
" At length, to crown his sad disaster,
" His mansion own'd another master.
" Thus as his last resources fail,
" Unpitied SQUANDER died in jail."

MICHAEL ANGELO

AND

THE VIRTUOSI.

A TALE.

'Twas when the Italian Virtuosi
Work'd mines far richer than Potosi,
Golconda or of Ophir old;
From whence full many a gem they drew,
Fairer and lovelier to the view
Than di'monds or the brightest gold.

Where buried deep by Gothic rage
The works of Grecian artists lay
Beneath old Rome, for many an age
Hid from the golden eye of day:
APOLLO, VENUS, LAOCOON,
Now rose and breath'd again in stone.
With open mouths and staring eyes,
The DILETTANTI view the prize:
With affectation puff'd, refuse
To modern artists half their dues;
Nor could ev'n ANGELO himself inherit,
With them, a single grain of merit.
MICHAEL with indignation saw
These self-created judges:
That Ignorance should thus give law,
Now honest MICHAEL grudges:

Tho' he with veneration eyed
Those wond'rous works drawn forth to view;
The proudly consious artist cried,
"*I (Romans) am a Sculptor too!*"
"Thou! thou a Sculptor, silly gudgeon!
"Presumest thou to vie with these,
"With PHIDIAS and PRAXITILES!"
MICHAEL went home in mighty dudgeon;
Resolv'd to shame those prating fools,
And hurl them from their critic stools.
Now he a form had lately carv'd,
Which ev'n the proudest GREEK might own:
And fairest praise he well deserv'd,
For VENUS self here liv'd in stone;
And tho' her bosom seem'd to rise,
And swell, and heave with labouring sighs,

The furious artist gave no quarter;
But knock'd her head off with his mallet,
And stuff'd it closely in a wallet;
Daubing the body o'er with mortar:
And when at night the blockheads slept,
Forth with the body Michael crept;
Hid it midst rubbish in the earth,
Where the next morn would give it birth.
And so it happen'd—soon 'twas found,
As suddenly the news went round.
The CRITICS met in convocation;
When one thus open'd his oration:—
"O, hither haste ye COGNOSCENTI!
"Here's somewhat, will at length content ye;
"See here, the triumph of old GREECE,
"Was ever seen so fine a piece!

" Here is no modern flutter, bustle,
" But softly rounded every muscle.
" The flesh seems yielding to the touch;
" The artist can't be prais'd too much!"
The now enraptur'd, sapient crew,
About the little wonder drew:
And deeply vers'd in th' art's arcana;
They all agreed this far excell'd
All statues they had e'er beheld;
Some thought 'twas VENUS, some DIANA;
But all with one accordance said,
" 'Twas pity it should want a head."
Sly MICHAEL, who *in petto* lay,
Came forth and thus was heard to say:
" I must own, Gentlemen, between us,
" This is a very lovely VENUS:

" I do concur in all you've said on't;
" And tho' you've flouted me before,
" Yet, Gentlemen, I could restore.—
" This hand of mine could put a head on't."
Now scorn possess'd each grinning face,
And peals of laughter shook the place;
When the ARCH CRITIC 'gan to bellow,
" You put a head on't! clumsy fellow!
" Could your vile chisel carve a feature
" To suit so sweet divine a creature!
" Would you astonish the beholders,
" Put your *own head* upon her shoulders!"
Thus with sarcastic, witless jeers,
They fell about poor MICHAEL's ears,
Who, laughing loud, enjoy'd the joke;

" Yes, I'll astonish the beholders,
" And place *my own head* on her shoulders:"
And sly produc'd it from beneath his cloak:
Then raising up, he plac'd it on,
And shew'd how nicely join'd the stone:
" The flesh seems yielding to the touch;
" The artist can't be prais'd too much!"
Retorted MICHAEL—and he more had said—
But in confusion all the CRITICS fled.

A FABLE.

THE FOUNTAIN

AND

THE STEAM ENGINE.

A FABLE.

WITHIN a royal garden plac'd,
With all the art of sculpture grac'd,
A beauteous FOUNTAIN stood;
Forth from a vase of ample size,
A tow'ring rock was seen to rise,
Emerging from the flood:

Where rais'd on high (from BACON's hand)
A Triton old was seen to stand,
And from his twisted shell,
With effort vast, he seem'd to rise
A crystal column to the skies,
In gentle showers which fell.

In snowy parian stone beneath,
The lovely NAIADS seem'd to breathe
Within a veil of light;
Which IRIS wove of solar rays,
Refracted in resplendent blaze,
Of rain-bow colours bright.

Hid in the shade, with smoke bedy'd,
(For modest merit loves to hide,

Nor acts the boaster's part)
An ENGINE stood of wond'rous frame,
From WATT's or HORNBLOWER's* hand it came,
The pride of human art!

No marble columns lift its dome,
But all is darkness, dirt and gloom,
Save to fair WISDOM's eye;
She, lovely daughter of the skies,
Sees here a thousand beauties rise,
Which FOLLY can't descry.

It chanc'd that on a summer's morn,
The smoke by envious ZEPHYRS born

* The Author's worthy and most ingenious friend Mr. Jonathan Hornblower of Penryn, in Cornwall.

The verdant scenes among;
To the gay FOUNT and nodding grove
In sportive mood, the Urchins drove
The murkey cloud along.

A NAIAD from the lucid bower,
Endu'd with speech by wond'rous power,
Address'd the offending neighbour:
"Thou filthy, vile, mechanic slave,
"Thy smoke annoys us as we lave:
"Give o'er thy dirty labour!"

"Give o'er my labour!—*Mistress wise!*"
The indignant ENGINE quick replies,

" Then what becomes of thee!
" With daily toil I drag thy waves
" Reluctant from earth's deepest caves;
" Thou owest *all* to me!

" Tho' thy huge Triton seems to swell,
" And strain to blow his spouting shell,
" 'Tis I supply the power.
" *I* raise yon crystal column high,
" Which seems to pierce the azure sky;
" *I* give thy cooling shower.

" Could man, without my power, alone,
" Have drawn from quarries deep, the stone

" Which bears thy form divine?
" Thy Sculptor grateful owes to me,
" The chissels' self which formed thee;
" *I* drew it from the mine!

" Then cease proud NYMPH, and learn to know
" From whence thy choicest blessings flow;
" Nor scoff at useful labours:
" If thou don't work, at least be wise;
" For know 'TIS FOLLY TO DESPISE
" THY SERVICEABLE NEIGHBOURS."

BALLADS, &c.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A BALLAD.

PART THE FIRST.

THE moon illumes midst driving clouds
The canopy of night,
And now her face in darkness shrouds;
Now bursts a flood of light.

Where GLASSNEY's streamlets down the dale
In wild meanders stray;
With grief oppress'd, a lowly swain
Desponding took his way.

Wild were his steps—and stream'd his hair
Behind him on the gale;
Smiling at grief with frenzied look,
His cheek was wan and pale:

"Alas!" he cried, "I've lost my love,
"My Emma's prov'd unkind:
"In vain I rove the pathless wild
"To leave my cares behind,

"Deep in the wretched Henry's heart
"The rooted sorrow lies;
"Ah, where's the healing power can close
"The wound by which he dies.'

" Cold blows the night air o'er the heath;
" And chill descends the dew;
" But dews and midnight blasts, dear Maid!
" Are less unkind than you.

" Long thro' the thorny paths I've stray'd,
" Nor viper's tooth I fear;
" Are thorns or viper's teeth so sharp
" As what thou plantest here?

" Ye breezes bear my last sad sigh
" To faithless EMMA's ear;
" And say her Henry finds repose
" From all his sorrows here."

Then on the river's brink he stood,
And rais'd to Heav'n his eyes;
And as he plung'd him in the flood,
Said—" here thy HENRY dies."

HENRY AND EMMA.

A BALLAD.

PART THE SECOND.

On her lone couch the live long night
The sleepless Emma lay;
She watch'd the taper's waning light,
And look'd for lingering day.

Thrice had the night bird scream'd aloud
From out the ivy'd tower;
And thrice the cock portentous crow'd
Before the midnight hour.

The murmuring wind her window shook,
And sighing seem'd to say;
"Thy HENRY lies in GLASSNEY's brook:
"Rise EMMA—come away."

Up from her couch, with horror pale,
She rose in wild affright;
And soon she trod the gloomy vale
Amidst the dews of night:

When from behind a low'ring cloud
The moon shot forth a gleam,
Where HENRY's corse 'midst osiers dank,
Lay floating on the stream.

In plung'd the maid—from terror brave,
And seiz'd his clay cold hand;
And rescu'd from a watery grave,
The corse she drew to land,

"Why did I feign," she cried, "dear youth,
"Thy love to dissapprove!
"Ah, why did I to try thy truth,
"Another seem to love!"

Thus o'er his alter'd form she mourns,
And clasps him to her breast:
Suspended life again returns,
As oft his lips she press'd:

" He lives! his lips return," she cries,
" Return the dear caress!"
" I live or dream!"—the youth replies:
—" You live! my arms to bless!"

TO

THE BUTTERFLY.

LIGHT my theme and light my lay,
Trifle of a summer's day,
Born but just to breathe and die,
Gilded gaudy BUTTERFLY;
Who from flow'r to flow'r ranging,
Never steady, ever changing;
Sporting now in airy ring,
Flitting high on wanton wing;
Now on the bosom of the rose,
Resting seekest soft repose.

Emblem thou of Man immortal,
Late a lowly creeping worm;
Thou hast past thro' Death's dark portal
But to rise a lovelier form.
My garden blooms—a little Heaven,
Fann'd by aromatic gales;
While around the sweetest flow'rs
Ambrosial food for thee exhales.

But in Fancy's eye no farther
Canst thou be compar'd to Man;
Man, shall wake to life eternal!
Thy second life—is but a span!
Like yon bow by NATURE painted,
With her pencil dipp'd in light;
Soon it fades!—the fleeting vision,
Charms at once and cheats the sight.

Heed'st thou not yon cloud that lours,
Dark'ning half the face of day?
From its bosom black, it pours
WINTER in the lap of MAY:
Soon thou'lt feel his stern dominion;
Soon will yield thy fleeting breath;
Whilst thy gaily painted pinion
Quivers in the pangs of Death.

THE

BRIERED DELL.

Written in a secluded cottage, whilst viewing an ancient Gothic Castle which stood on a neighbouring hill.

While the lofty mountain shrouds
Its castled head amidst the clouds,
Where nightly tempests shake the walls,
And howl along its vaulted halls;
The lordly owner proud and great,
Hears the loud whirlwind round him rise;
And trembling on his bed of state,
No balmy slumbers seal his eyes:
But in the Brier'd Dell below
Secure we hear the tempest blow.

Leave AMBITION to its cares,
Daily toils and nightly fears,
In the Peasant's lone retreat,
Shun, O shun the storms of Fate!
Sweet CONTENT the good man's treasure,
Still shall bless thy happy lot,
Nor despise the humble pleasure
Of the ivy-shaded cot;
Meek-eyed PEACE shall ever dwell
In the lowly BRIER'D DELL.

TO

A FLY IN WINTER.

Poor feeble wanderer, driven by the blast
Of piercing north wind o'er yon field of snow,
(To thee a desert dreary, wild, and vast)
That seek'st my hearth with weaken'd steps and slow:

Shall churlish Man then drive thee forth again:
Or crush with hard inhospitable hand
Thy fragile form?—No, Pity shall restrain;
And wretched he who can her call withstand.

Now drooping hangs thy silver silken wing,
Which erst has born thee thro' the fields of air;
No longer now that teasing giddy thing
Which came ere while, a bold intruder here.

Where's now thy vest of azure, green, and gold?
The blasting winds thy rain-bow tints deface,
And doom'd to die, with hunger pinch'd and cold;
The feeble remnant of thy numerous race.

What tho' the genial heat awhile prevails,
Awhile retards the fate thou canst not shun;
To lengthen out thy span—ah, what avails
The weaken'd radiance of a winter's sun!

Thus the gay COURTIER for a passing while,
All joyous sails on PLEASURE's downy wing;
Basks in the sunshine of a monarch's smile,
An idle, flutt'ring, tinsell'd, giddy thing.

The DESPOT frowns—and soon from native home;
From wife and children ever dear he goes;
Condemn'd for life, a banish'd man to roam
Thro' wilds SIBERIAN, hid in endless snows.

There clad in robes of never varying white,
Sits HORROR brooding o'er the dreary waste;
And SILENCE, ne'er disturb'd, save when at night
The howl of wolves rides dreadful on the blast.

In vain th' unhappy EXILE heaves the sigh;
HOPE never comes those savage wilds to cheer;
But GRIEF and SOLITUDE are ever nigh,
And MELANCHOLY, nurse of comfortless DESPAIR.

But short his date—for life now ebbing fast
Amidst the arctic winter's drear domain,
Where SORROW keener than the northern blast,
Lays him a corse along the frozen plain.

THE

FISHERMAN's ORPHAN.

A BALLAD.

AN Orphan I am, scarcely turn'd of twelve years,
And MARY a begging must go;
My father a FISHERMAN void of all fears,
On the wild billows rock'd to and fro.
One night all alone as he brav'd the rough ocean,
The raging winds rose in a dreadful commotion;
His boat was his coffin, the water his grave,
And deep he lies buried beneath the green wave.

My mother to Heaven heart-broken is gone,
And has left her poor MARY behind;
And now thro' the wide world I wander alone,
To beg of the good and the kind.

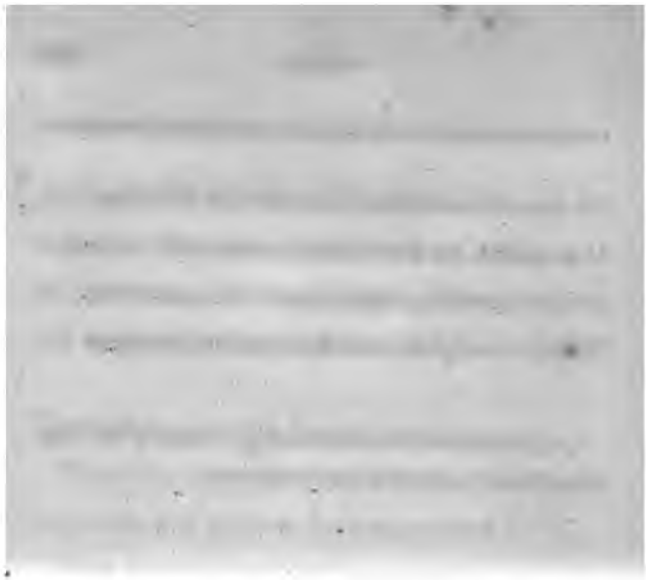
Tho' thinly I'm clad, and with cold I now shiver,
Yet warm is my heart and 'twill bless the dear giver:
No friend has poor MARY from hunger to save,
Her FATHER and MOTHER lie low in the grave.

The sky is my covering, the cold earth my bed,
When I lie down to slumber or weep;
And on the pale primrose I pillow my head,
While the winds kindly lull me to sleep;
Then I see in my dreams my dear FATHER returning,
But mix with sad tears the cold dews of morning,
For alas! who did ever return from the grave!
And deep he lies buried beneath the green wave.

Oh, were I but rich, what a tomb would I rear
To parents so tender and good;
On my MOTHER's low hillock drop many a tear,
But my FATHER lies deep in the flood;

Yet the wild birds of ocean as thro' the air sailing
At midnight, are heard o'er him mournfully wailing;
And gold gleaming fishes beneath the green wave,
With sea-weed and coral shall deck his cold grave.

*** This ballad has been beautifully set to music by Mr. Riggs, and published by Birchall, New Bond-street.



THE BIRTH

OF

THE SNOW-DROP.

"And must thou, pretty play-mate, must thou die!"
Cried Sylvia, weeping o'er her orphan lamb,
"Death hastens on to close thy speaking eye,
"And thou hast lost thy careful bleating dam."

Soft Pity's drops her lovely eyes o'erswell,
And as a pearl hung trembling on the lid,
A gentle Zephyr caught it ere it fell,
Congeal'd the gem, and in earth's bosom hid.

APOLLO saw the deed, and smiling, said,
"Shall PITY's richest gift lie cold in earth!
"No, thy chaste tear, thou tender feeling maid,
"Warm'd by my beams shall give the SNOW-DROP birth."

Thus spoke the GOD, and pour'd his rays divine,
The swelling bulb a fibrous root now spread;
No more a jewel hid in darksome mine,
Its green shoot pierces winter's hoary bed.

Wak'd into life, behold the beauteous flower,
In form the tear the lovely maid had shed,
As tho' it felt of grief the chilling power,
Like weeping SILVIA hangs its drooping head.

A SONG.

'Twas here my Henry!—here we parted,
Here did we bid a last adieu:
Here didst thou leave me broken hearted,
Thro' tears thy less'ning bark to view:
And tho' no more thou think'st on me,
When have I ceas'd to sigh for thee.

Here thy Louisa sadly mourning,
Treads, hopeless treads!—the sea beat shore;
Eyes the blue wave for thy returning,
But faithless, thou return'st no more:
Yet shall thy mem'ry truer be,
And make thee sometimes think of me.

Shouldst thou incline in life's gay hour
Thro' pleasure's mazy paths to stray;
There shouldst thou see a faded flower
Untimely pluck'd and cast away;
Perchance 'twill wring a sigh from thee,
And then!—oh! then thou'lt think of me.'

As gliding on with steady motion,
To seek some fairer happier land,
Thro' the wild waste of trackless ocean
The ship obeys thy skilful hand;
Can'st thou the faithful needle see,
Nor heave one heartfelt sigh for me?

Art thou in sickness doom'd to languish,
To love and life's gay pleasures dead;
What friendly voice will sooth thy anguish?
What faithful bosom rest thy head?

Who then alas! shall comfort thee!
Ah then, ah then! thou'lt think of me!

Now thy LOUISA's form all faded,
To sorrow yields—and seeks that shore
By earthly troubles ne'er invaded,
Where faithless Man can vex no more:
Yet faithless howsoe'er thou be,
Her latest sigh shall heave for thee.

THE

CUP OF SORROW.

A SONG.

My Father was a labouring swain
Who toil'd both late and early;
His little share of worldly gain
He earned hard and dearly:
Said he, "dear Kate," my cares are o'er,
"Nor heed we for to-morrow,
"And now I hope to taste no more
"My bitter *Cup of Sorrow.*"

But ah, poor man! he liv'd to know
That mortals are short sighted:
His flocks were lost in drifted snow,
And all his crops were blighted:

No more he tun'd the merry glee;
For he was forc'd to borrow:
Paid Nature's debt—and left to me,
Alas! his *Cup of Sorrow.*

My SWEET-HEART was a Soldier lad,
And rich in health and beauty;
A truer heart man never had;
But call'd by cruel duty;
Said he, "dear KATE, give o'er your fears,
"Tho' I must hence to-morrow:"
He fought and fell—with bitter tears
O'erflow'd my *Cup of Sorrow.*

Ye village maids you'll see me die,
For I am broken hearted;
But not a wish to live have I,
Since from my love I'm parted:

And when in my cold grave I'm laid,
As I shall be to-morrow;
Write on my stone—" *here lies a Maid*
" *Who drain'd the Cup of Sorrow.*

THE

MAD GIRL's SONG.

LONG my WILLIAM I have sought thee;
Still I seek thee day and night;
Thro' the pathless wilds I wander
By the glow-worm's paly light.

O'er the waves some ship has borne him,
Where far brighter beauties shine;
But, alas! will WILLIAM find there
Such a faithful heart as mine?

FAIRY ELVES perhaps allure him,
And with riches tempt his mind;
But can Fairies happier make him
Than the maid he leaves behind.

Oft I deck my hair with flowers,
All to show my love is true;
Twining in my willow garland
Vi'lets sweet and hare-bells blue.

Stay fair cloud, so proudly sailing
On the bosom of the air;
Bear me thro' thy shadowy regions,
I would seek my true love there.

If within thy fleecy bowers,
Or thy golden plains he rove;
With the rain-bow I will bind him
Never more to leave his love.

Gentle cloud, oh stay and take me,
Let me my lost love pursue;
Ah, unkind one thou forsak'st me!
Dost thou seek a lover too?

Ah, too true!—thy tears o'erflowing,
On my burning bosom fall;
Or perhaps my sorrows knowing,
Soft they drop at Pity's call.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Contemplation—Canto I. line 158, for *crouded* read burthened.
Canto III. line 43, for *sweep* read sweeps.
Page 138, line 2, for *sat* read set.
Page 143, line 7, dele *him*.
Page 165, for *Poctosi* read Potosi.

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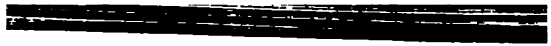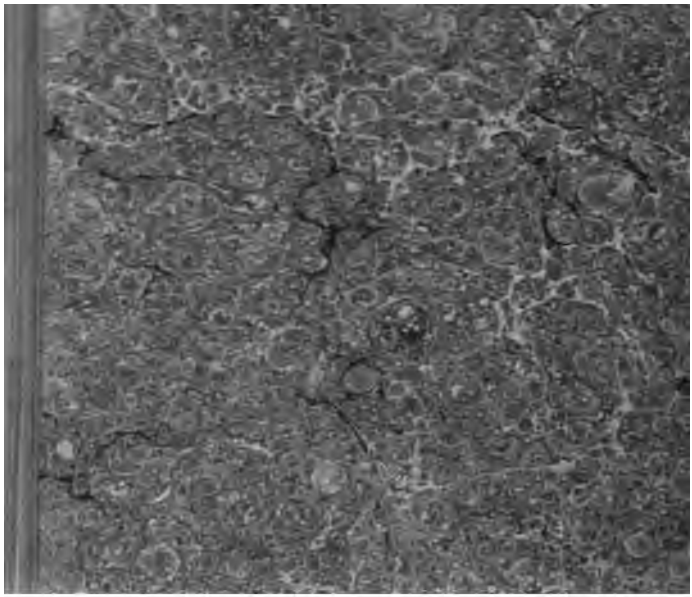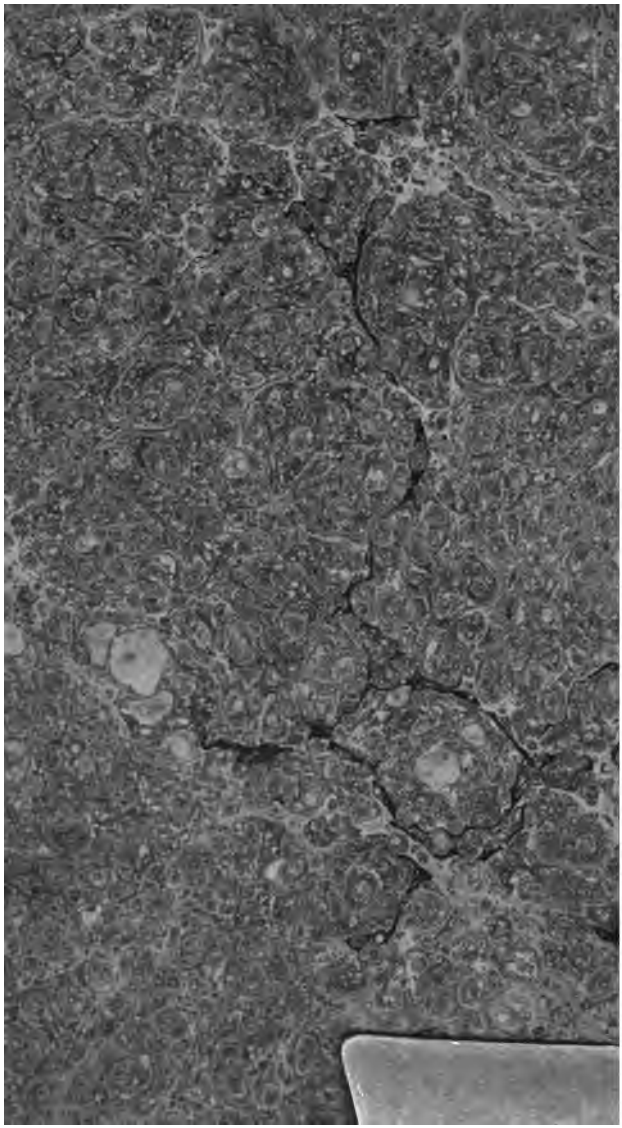
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